THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION, ST. LOUIS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
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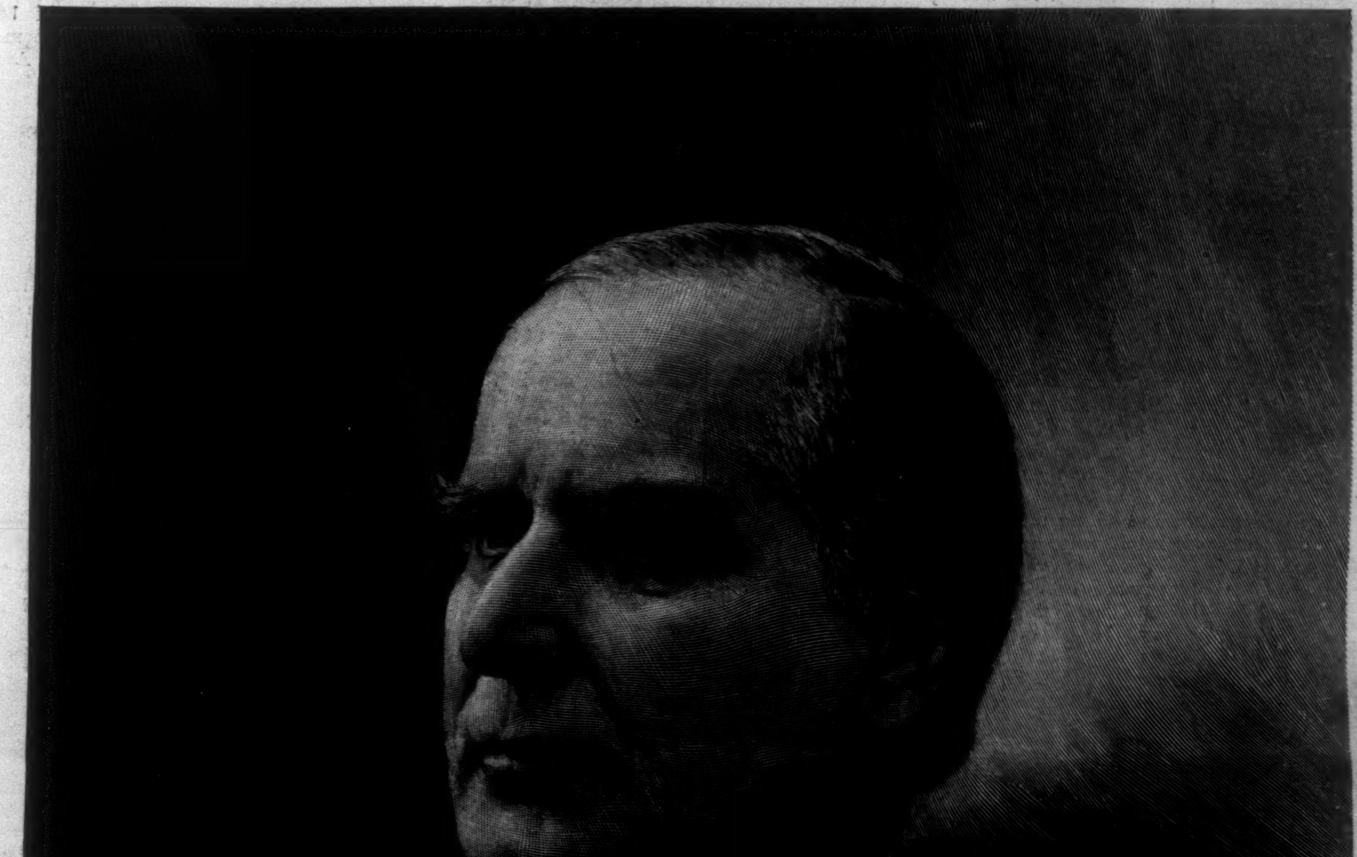

WILLIAM McKINLEY, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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CONTENTS, NO. 2062.

William McKinley, Republican Candidate for President.
Editorials.
THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.
Garret A. Hobart. With Portrait.
John M. Thurston. Charles W. Fairbanks. Portraits.
Scenes at the Republican Convention. T. Dart Walker.
The Republican National Convention, St. Louis, Missouri—Senator John M. Thurston, the Permanent Chairman, delivering his Address. T. Dart Walker.
The Republican Convention—William McKinley nominated on a Gold Platform. F. E. Leupp.
Life and Letters. W. D. Howells.
This Busy World. E. S. Martin and Others.
Mr. Hopper and "El Capitan." Illustrated. W. J. Henderson.
The Milwaukee Street-Car Strike.
Watching the Bride. Poem. Charles Buxton Going.
Many Brave Feathers concludes to have a Government School. W. B. Cameron.
Slatin Pasha. Ill'd. Marrion Wilcox.
Scenes at the Philadelphia Open-Air Horse Show. Ill'd.
The Cuban Insurrection. Illustrated. M. W.
End of Border Outlawry. James Davenport Whelpley.
Annexing Madagascar.
Investigation of the Liquor Problem.
The Gray Man. Last Instalment. Serial Story. Ill'd. S. R. Crockett.
Immigration in Canada.
City House of To-Day. Julian Ralph.
Trial of an Experimental Turret. Ill'd. R. G. Skerrett.
Amateur Sport. Some of the Crews Yale may Meet at Henley (R. C. Lehmann, Captain Leander Club, 1894-5). Henley, Past and Present (John Corbin). College Boating, etc. Ill'd. Caspar Whitney.

THE SOUND-MONEY VICTORY.

THE Republican party has pledged itself to the maintenance of the gold standard. This is a great preliminary victory for those who have made constant and vigorous war upon the silver heresy, and who have at last aroused such a strong and insistent public sentiment against it that the politicians of the Republican party have been forced at last to listen and heed. The adoption by the national convention at St. Louis of a gold platform is an augury of the coming success of sound money at the polls. It is a victory for intelligence and honesty gained over greed, ignorance, discouragement, and all the causes of discontent and the eagerness for a change that are set forth in another column of this page. Whatever else shall come out of the political contest of this year, the country is to be congratulated that its monetary system is doubtless safe, for the maintenance of the gold standard for the next four years ought to be a much easier task than Mr. CLEVELAND's has been, while before another Presidential campaign the movement for the free and independent coinage of silver by this country ought to have passed into history along with the greenback craze as one of the dead political insanities of our century.

It is a victory that was hard fought for, and that was won against what seemed to be enormous odds. It has been the belief of the WEEKLY from the outset that intelligent and thorough discussion of the currency question in the press and on the platform would result in a triumph for sound money, and after the House of Representatives had defeated the Senate's free-coinage proposition of last winter, we said, "Full discussion of any question, especially of a question like this with a moral element in it, may be depended on to bring the people of the United States to sound conclusions." The truth of this has now been demonstrated by what has gone on in the Republican party. The advocates of silver were first in the field with their specious appeals to farmers who were receiving low prices for their products, to idle wage-earners, to failing merchants. Their cheap demagogic literature was circulated in enormous quantities. The politicians were preventing the formation of a sound public opinion. Those of them who knew anything of the subject subordinated their convictions to the game of politics that they almost always play, without much regard to its immediate effect on the public welfare. They sought the votes of the aggressive silver men, trying to delude them with double-faced platforms, and with bills that meant nothing but profit to the mine-owners. Finally it must be recollected that the immediate representatives in Congress of the mining-camps were Republicans, although at last some of them have frankly and honorably declared themselves to be Populists. But against all the advantages with which the silver men began the contest, against the cupidity of the mining-camps, against the cowardice of the politicians, against the first impressions that were created by the free-coinage literature so liberally circulated, full and free discussion has won this first victory for the gold standard. Up to the last moment almost the issue in the St. Louis convention may be said to have been doubtful, for the politicians, after their fashion, were the last to hear the true voice of the people; but in the end they were compelled to recognize the fact that while they had been evading and shuffling and looking both ways with the intent to deceive one side or the other, and while they had been paltering with the national honor in order that they might gain party or personal advantage, the intelligent people of the country, who will dominate it before November, had read, and listened, and thought, and finally, with minds cleared of sophistries and instructed in sound fundamental principles, were threatening with defeat not only any party that yielded to the silver heresy, but any party that did not declare explicitly for honest money. Whereupon the Republican party, seizing the opportunity as it seized it in 1876, after a dangerous dallying with inflation, governed now as then by the sanity of the men whose votes it seeks, comes forth as a champion of the gold standard.

The issue of the coming campaign is to be as the WEEKLY has declared it should be. A definite proposition is now submitted to the voters of the country. The decision of the currency question cannot now be escaped, and when it is settled by the people, as we believe it surely will be, in favor of the gold standard which is at the basis of the monetary systems of the great civilized commercial powers, there will be restored that confidence in our present and our future which will bring prosperity. Our material interests will cease to be the sport of the silver men, and for many years to come our standard of value will not be at the mercy of the assaults of ignorant demagogues and rapacious mine-owners, or of panic-stricken unfortunates. All other questions are now subordinated to the currency issue. They must all wait upon its solution, as the business of the country has stood still while the discussion has gone on.

As we have already said, the victory at St. Louis prefigures the victory at the polls in November. The vigorous struggle that ended there in the defeat of both silver men and "straddlers" must be kept up throughout the campaign. The sound-money men should have their candidates in every Congressional district. Party ties must be broken wherever party organizations pronounce for free coinage. Party men should look upon bolting as a sacred duty wherever the interests of the country are imperilled. It is clear, from the action of the Republican convention, that the tide of public sentiment is running in the right direction, and at home and abroad there was an immediate response of the business community to the first announcement that a gold plank would be adopted by the convention.

From all the signs of the time, we believe not only that we are at the beginning of a campaign that will end in the overthrow of the free-coinage insanity, but that will therefore be followed by a long period of peaceful and restful prosperity.

THE SILVER CRAZE IN THE SOUTH AND WEST.

THE agitation for the free coinage of silver in the South and West has of late acquired an uncommonly vehement character, which makes it appear more powerful and dangerous than before. To form a clear judgment, it will be profitable to analyze the elements of its strength. The free-coinage movement is carried on by several classes of people very different from one another: 1. The silver-miners, who care mainly for the price of their product, and who expect from free coinage a very large profit. 2. A small number of theorists who have reasoned themselves into an honest belief that free coinage will increase the volume of currency, and by this means cure many of our economic ailments. 3. A large number of people, especially in the South and West, who are discontented with their condition, who have been made to look to the government for some miraculous contrivance to relieve them of their debts and to give them good markets, and who think that the issuing of plenty of "cheap money" will have this effect. 4. The politicians, who are either too cowardly to resist any current of opinion ever so vicious that seems to be popular, or unscrupulous enough to start or encourage such currents for the sake of personal advancement. Of these four classes the third is the most important, because it gives the free-coinage movement its numerical strength.

It is strongest in the South for very obvious reasons. The South was not only impoverished by the civil war, but its whole social organization was revolutionized. The former slave was made a citizen. The old aristocracy, with its political leadership, was broken up. The distribution of wealth became greatly changed, and those classes which formerly had been expected and accustomed to follow the political direction set by their social superiors rose to a consciousness of power. The emancipation of the negroes proved to be at the same time the emancipation of the poor whites. As the danger of negro domination ceases to frighten these people, the old Democratic party slogan gradually loses its power over them. They are forming for themselves, or accept from leaders standing near to them, their notions of their own interests. Considering that their struggle with poverty is aggravated by the low market price of their staples, and by the lack of capital, which prevents a rapid development of the resources of that part of the country, and that these difficulties have bred a widespread discontent, and considering, further, that the level of popular education in the South is necessarily low, owing partly to the former social condition of the Southern people, partly to their comparative remoteness from those great commercial activities of the world in direct contact with which sound economic ideas are most easily acquired by observation and experience, it is not altogether surprising that their own notions on economic, and especially financial, subjects should be crude, and that they should be very accessible to the absurdities taught by the financial quack or the political demagogue.

Some of those absurdities would be simply amusing did not the acceptance of them by large masses make them a public danger. Among otherwise sane persons in those regions free coinage is spoken of as if the adoption of it would result in officers of the government going about the country with big bags of money, out of which everybody could help himself at pleasure. It is actually believed by many of them that banks, instead of being useful and even indispensable instrumentalities of exchange, are inventions of the devil designed to keep the money away from the people, and that New York and Boston are dens of thieves and conspirators plotting to steal the money away from the rest of the country to heap it up in their vaults and to gloat over it, and getting up corners in gold and financial panics to ruin the South and West and to reduce the American people to bondage. And then they comfort themselves with the astounding delusion that if only silver coinage were free there would be so much of the "people's money" that the bankers, the Wall Street sharks, the gold bugs, the monopolists, could not possibly corner or control it, and their nefarious rule would then be at an end.

It is, we repeat, not altogether strange that a large portion of the Southern people, laboring under their peculiar disadvantages, should have become the victims of such hallucinations. It would be more strange had the West surrendered itself to such heresies in the same measure. This, however, is not the case. In the silver-mining States the free-coinage sentiment is, indeed, overwhelming. But there it is sustained and stimulated by the direct and undisguised pecuniary interest of the mine-owners and their dependents. In the other Western States it exists only in a sporadic form, as a product of an unreasoning or misdirected feeling of discontent with existing economic conditions. It would probably never have grown strong there but for the cowardice or the unscrupulous selfishness of politicians who, without any conviction of their own, yielded to it or excited it for their own selfish purposes. This is proved by the remarkable fact that in States where there is a very strong body of voters steadfastly opposed to it, as the Germans and the Norwegians in Wisconsin and Minnesota, the politicians of both parties have carefully steered clear of it, and it never could gain ground; while in neighboring States, where the economic conditions are the same, but the political conditions different, it would spread like an epidemic.

The most deplorable feature of the free-coinage movement consists in the either unconscious or ill-disguised dishonesty of those of its advocates who, while professing to be bimetallists, really aim at the single silver standard for the very purpose of virtually debasing the coin of the realm, so that they may be enabled to get rid of their debts without paying more than half of them. But just this line of thought will, on account of the immediate effects of the free-coinage craze, be especially apt to bring free-coinage men who are not hopelessly demented to their senses. Aside from the mining States, the region in which the free-coinage movement is strongest stands most in need of capital. Its prosperity depends, therefore, greatly upon the confidence of those who are able to furnish that capital. Nothing has been more effective in discouraging that confidence than the insecurity of our money system and the free-coinage craze in particular. Thus, while the prosperity of the South and West suffers from want of capital, the very free-coinage movement that is expected by them to bring relief is the thing which has proved most effective in keeping capital away. If the Presidential election should result in a victory of the sound-money cause, decisive enough to inspire capital abroad as well as at home with confidence in the stability of our monetary standard, the conse-

quent revival of business enterprise and prosperity would be so striking as to make every sane free-coinage man rejoice at the defeat of his heresy.

EXPORTS.

We import to consume, and with our exports we pay for what is purchased from foreign countries. But it is only the surplus of domestic production, what is not required for home consumption, that is exported. This exported surplus product in a year is valued at about $800,000,000. The United States is properly classed among the great agricultural nations if production and exports are taken as the standard, and this position it has attained through the economic advantages of possessing a very wide area of practically unsettled territory, capable of producing a great variety of leading articles of food and raw materials. Its population, too, is more largely agricultural than industrial. In 1890 nearly 40 per cent. of the people was engaged in agriculture, compared with 43 per cent. in Germany, and 48 per cent. in France. While Europe manufactures to buy food for its people, the American derived from his land the wherewithal to feed himself and to obtain the manufactures of Europe.

The exports from the United States are, and have always been, mainly agricultural. About 70 per cent. of the total exports is composed of products purely agricultural; and the products of forests, mines, and fisheries, agricultural in their economic characteristics, add about six per cent. This leaves 24 per cent. as the share of manufactures—an unusually large share, but one that is justified by the current trade returns. The concentration of leading exports may be illustrated by the figures of 1895:

Animals	$33,306,906
Provisions	133,634,379
Breadstuffs	114,604,780
Cotton, raw	204,900,990
Tobacco, unmanufactured	25,798,968
Mineral oils	46,660,082

Wood, copper, leather, and coal contributed $70,000,000. These few items account for $629,000,000 out of the total exports of $793,392,599.

The mere magnitude of the figures shows that the United States must in these articles possess a decided advantage over the other producing countries. It stands to reason that the great extent of national domain, practically offered as a gift to the first-comer, would act as a premium on the immigration of farmers and as a bounty on farming. The rapid construction of railroads, and consequent opening to settlement of new territory, at once offered the means of transporting labor where it could be employed, and products where they could find a profitable market. Cheap land, self-directed labor, experience in farming, and a developed machinery for sale and transportation tended to favor agriculture; and for years the United States has been regarded as the one great source of cotton, as one of the great granaries and provisioners of Europe, and as one of two great suppliers of petroleum.

The past tense is used, as all of the monopoly features once enjoyed no longer exist. The products of agriculture at one time found their own market, for food can never be generally in excess of the demand. The monopoly in cotton was a natural one, and it was believed no other important deposit of petroleum existed than that in the United States. The cattle and hog interests of the West had built up an enormous trade in provisions, where skill and capital had combined to manufacture cheaply for foreign markets. The product of the Lake Superior copper-mines controls the supply of the world, and even in iron the same predominance is promised. Assured of a vast home market, and dealing largely in articles which were needed abroad, the efforts to build up an export trade in other lines have been few and faint-hearted.

All this promises to change. Argentina threatens to supply all Europe with a high grade of wheat, and at a lower cost of production than rules in the United States, with equal facilities for carriage to market. The Russian oil-fields have almost excluded the United States oil from the Mediterranean, and is competing vigorously and successfully for Eastern markets. Australasia and South America can send meat products to Europe quite as well as the farmers of the West, while they enjoy unusual advantages in the production of wool. In the very class of exported commodities of which our merchants felt secure of a sale the competition of newer countries is aggressive, and must become more intense each year. To this, general economic conditions testify. The position of the United States was that of a newly settled territory, rich in land and abundant in yield when labor was applied. As population increases and little new land is available for immediate cultivation, the home demand increases, the surplus for export decreases, and the natural economic advantages enjoyed by a new country become less active. South America, Australia, and Africa are coming into these natural advantages, and from them must the cheapest products of agriculture be obtained.

This points out the direction in which the export trade of the United States will be developed—in its manufactured products. Large and important as have been the strides taken in recent years, from $130,000,000 in 1888 to $183,500,000 in 1895, the opportunities are yet larger. There is an entire continent at call, in no country of which have manufacturing industries taken an extensive hold, and where the demand for all manufactured products must be met from abroad. The merchants of England, Germany, and France have been their purveyors; and the United States finds the mercantile houses of these peoples in established positions, studying scientifically the wishes **of their customers, and anxious to gratify their fancies, in order that they may continue to receive their custom.** Naturally the merchant of the United States, a new-comer, and having little experience in a free market where competition alone determines results, finds himself at a disadvantage. Yet an increased export in manufactures of $53,500,000 in seven years is a fair promise for the future.

COMMENCEMENT COUNSELS.

These are the days when gentlemen who have the gift of oratory, or the ability to communicate sound sentiments in dignified rhetoric, are called to counsel the new graduates as to the conduct of life. Now go abroad in the land the tones of the baccalaureate preacher; now the periods of Commencement orators drift out over gardens of millinery through half-open windows; now learned audiences attend while Phi Beta Kappa speakers direct the newest light into the best illuminated minds.

For the Commencement orators who speak to men any solution of sound old ethical ingredients will do. They may tell the young men to be virtuous if they would be happy; to be thrifty if they would be rich; that a penny saved is a penny gained; that honesty is the best policy and toil the great overcomer. Whatever has been said to new graduates for the last fifty years will do for the young men of to-day, if only it is let out a little here, and taken in there, and garnished with fresh greens and a little modern science. But with the girls it is somewhat different. For their branch of creation the conditions of life seem just now to be so unsettled that even last year's advice has need to be edited and added to before it is quite fit for this year's uses. The advisers of graduating girls have need to take thought and weigh their precepts. What is to be the trend of their counsels to the girl beginners? Is she to seek the suffrage or to shun it? When she rides the bicycle shall she wear bloomers or a skirt? Is she to be a New Woman, furnished forth with a whole new outfit of powers and aspirations, or shall she prefer to be the sort of woman her mother was, and pursue the same general course her mother followed? She is getting earnest advice from good people on both sides of all these questions. It is happening, no doubt, as it happened last year, when some of her preceptors, especially among the clergy, warned her with affectionate fervor not to seek to vote, not to abandon her "true sphere," not to swap the privileges of her sex for any untried "rights." Perhaps it will also happen again that their deliverances will call forth so great a clamor of defiance and dissent from the advocates of woman suffrage that the fair graduate will feel like putting her fingers in her ears and fleeing the wrath that comes while her elders fight over her career.

One warning she will get that she might safely be spared. Many of her advisers will counsel her against mannishness. They might save themselves their pains, for mannishness in women is a quality that is a constant warning to itself. Whoever is against that vague spectre, the New Woman, should rather hope she may be mannish than adjure her not to be. Mannishness in a woman serves the same purpose as rattles in a snake—it scares people off. If the mannish woman were dangerous, her mannishness might be regarded as a wise provision of nature for the protection of humankind; but usually she is not dangerous at all, but merely a little terrifying on the surface, her mannishness being an involuntary manner underneath which she is as kind and as essentially feminine as other women So far as the New Woman is mannish there is no reason to be afraid of her, and as for the mannish girl graduate, she can't help it, poor thing, and ought not to be scolded. Let us be kind to her, particularly at Commencement, when dancing partners are scarce with her, and she stands in much greater need of encouragement than of objurgation.

ENGLISH PROSPECTS IN THE SUDAN.

The recent success of the Anglo-Egyptian army in encounters with the Dervishes is significant, and Lord Salisbury's statement to the effect that England must reconquer for Egypt the eastern Sudan is exceedingly important; but it does not follow, as a contemporary would have us believe, that a "complete and permanent conquest" may be expected—that England will presently "extend to the very head-waters of the Nile the wise and firm authority which Lord Cromer has been exercising over lower Egypt," and thus approve herself "an incalculable blessing to Africa and to mankind." Hicks Pasha's expedition might have been successful if it had encountered the Mahdi's followers in open field; Gordon in Khartum, Slatin in Darfur, scored many brilliant victories before the latter surrendered and the former was slain. More than a decade ago the European officers in command of Egyptian regiments learned by bitterest experience at least two lessons: First, that in some parts of the Sudan the natural features and climate tell fatally against the invader; second, that when the fanatical spirit of the Sudanese has been aroused, it is a power as incalculable and resistless as the power of a cyclone. By road-making and civilizing, both slow processes, a European power may reach the heart of Africa and make "permanent conquest" of it—by rail and religion. The Premier's announcement of a fixed policy, in explanation of Sir Herbert Kitchener's advance, shows England confronted by a characteristic problem, of which no one can at present foretell the solution. And the arduous nature of the undertaking is rivalled by its interest; for Khartum, or, more properly, Omdurman, at the confluence of the White and Blue Niles, is in a sense the gateway to the continent.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

Congress adjourned last week, and it is well to note briefly what it was and what it did, not merely to grieve over a lost opportunity, but to emphasize the necessity of a careful selection of Congressional candidates.

The present Congress has shown itself incapable of dealing with the public business. When Mr. Reed was elected Speaker he advised a do-nothing policy; and if Congress had passed appropriation bills providing for the necessary current expenses of the government for the next fiscal year the country would have less occasion to regret the session just ended. But it was not content with idleness. It was driven on by a tendency which so often governs folly, to energize its ignorance and incapacity.

When Congress met it had one clearly defined duty before it. It should have addressed itself at once to the task of strengthening the credit of the government. It might not only have accomplished this object, but if the proper steps had been taken, it might have so allayed the apprehensions of the commercial world that the public revenues under existing laws would have equalled expenditures. But the majority of the House of Representatives was too much concerned with party politics, while the Senate was in control of the silver men and the Populists.

At the beginning of the session Congress did all in its power to increase the troubles of the country by provoking war with Great Britain and with Spain. How shallow was the pretence of sympathy with the Cubans has been abundantly proved since the passage of the belligerency resolutions. Having breathed forth war in loud and angry tones, Congress set itself to playing politics with the finances. The House passed a tariff bill which meant absolutely nothing, and which from the very first was not expected to become a law. The Senate Committee on Finance buried it. The House also passed a bond bill, but refused to provide that the three per cent. bonds authorized under it should be payable in gold. The Senate turned it into a free-coinage measure. Nothing else was attempted for the relief of the Treasury, but the Senate, in order to round out its record, passed a resolution prohibiting the further issue of bonds for the protection of the public credit, and deliberately refused to impose a tax on beer, which would have raised a sum of money about equal to the anticipated deficiency of the present fiscal year.

Although Congress refused to provide means for raising revenue, although it did not have time to consider a bill for reforming the currency, and although it declined to relieve the Treasury, it had abundance of time and inclination for spending money. It has been the most extravagant Congress that ever met in Washington. Republicans, Democrats, and Populists have vied with one another in the scramble for appropriations. The private pension bills are said to exceed in number those of any previous Congress but the Fifty-first. There was never such a river and harbor bill. It provides for an ultimate expenditure of $75,000,000, and its authors were so wasteful that they included in it appropriations amounting to $10,500,000 for projects of which the engineers had not approved, and of $1,500,000 for schemes on which the engineers had reported adversely. Whatever may be said in defence of the remainder of the bill, this $12,000,000 will be abstracted from the public Treasury and wasted in fruitless efforts, not for the benefit of commerce, nor even of favored localities, but for the political gain of the Congressmen at whose instance the various items constituting the enormous sum were inserted in the bill. The President undertook to check this mad raid on the revenues, but his veto was voted down with a crazy shout.

While this was going on, the business interests of the country were suffering. When the session of Congress began there were signs and hope of a long-waited revival. But as the days and weeks passed, and it became more and more evident that the very law-makers of the country were its most industrious and potent assailants, business began to flag, trade was checked, and the anticipated increase in the revenues was not realized. Finally it was seen that Congress, both by its inaction and by the folly of the Senate, had made a deficiency in the public revenues inevitable, and had postponed the settlement of the money question to the then doubtful action of the Presidential conventions.

The appropriations for the fiscal year 1897 amount to nearly $516,000,000. The revenues may not exceed $400-000,000, so that Congress has probably decreed a deficit of more than $100,000,000. Even if business should revive, and the anticipations of Mr. Carlisle as set forth in his report for last fall be realized, the deficit will exceed $50,000,000.

It is no wonder that the people were glad when such a Congress adjourned, and it is to be hoped that rational citizens, who are, we think, in the majority, will insist this summer on the nomination of Congressional candidates who will assure the country a legislative body that will possess sufficient intelligence and honesty to refuse to follow the example which the Fifty-fourth Congress has set in making provision for national bankruptcy in the statute book. To be sure, we shall escape bankruptcy through the administration of the Treasury Department, whose policy, we are glad to say, does not change in this respect by change of administration as much as is generally supposed; but the present law-making body has done its worst, and it is high time that a law-making body were chosen that will not throw the whole responsibility of the nation's credit on the executive branch of the government.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

About the middle of the last century, probably in 1750, there came to the American colonies, from the north of Ireland, two brothers of Scotch-Irish stock, James and William McKinley. James settled in southern Pennsylvania, married, and his son David took part in the Revolution. It is from James McKinley that the present William McKinley is descended. In 1812 David McKinley moved from Pennsylvania, and seeking a new home, settled in Columbiana County, Ohio. David McKinley married Mary Rose. Among their children was William McKinley, who in time became the head of an iron-foundery at Fairfield. This William took for wife Nancy Allison, and to them came eight children, and among these was William McKinley, to-day the nominee of the Republican party for President. William McKinley was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, on the 29th of January, 1843.

William McKinley, the father, being then fairly well-to-do, the younger William was sent to a school at Niles. The family having removed to Poland, the boy was given such educational advantages as might be had at the Poland Academy. William McKinley was to be sent to college—at sixteen was matriculated in the Allegheny College, of Meadville, Pennsylvania. His father having been just then somewhat restricted for means, it became necessary that the lad should give up his college career, and so he taught in a district school near Poland, receiving $25 a month.

William McKinley was eighteen when the war of the rebellion broke out. In June, 1861, he enlisted in Company E of the Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio, and served as a private for over a year. For courage and ability when taking part in the West Virginia campaign he rose rapidly in the line of promotion. He was a Second Lieutenant September 24, 1862; First Lieutenant February 7, 1863; and a Captain July 25, 1864. His service was an extended one, for he was with Sheridan in the Shenandoah campaign; took part in the actions at Winchester, Kernstown, Floyd Mountain, Berryville, and in all the battles of the Twenty-third Regiment. He served on the staffs of Generals Hancock, Hayes, Crook, and Carroll. When the regiment he had joined was mustered out, July 26, 1865, Captain and Brevet-Major William McKinley received an honorable discharge. Unquestionably the man had through four years of arduous service shown his soldierlike qualities.

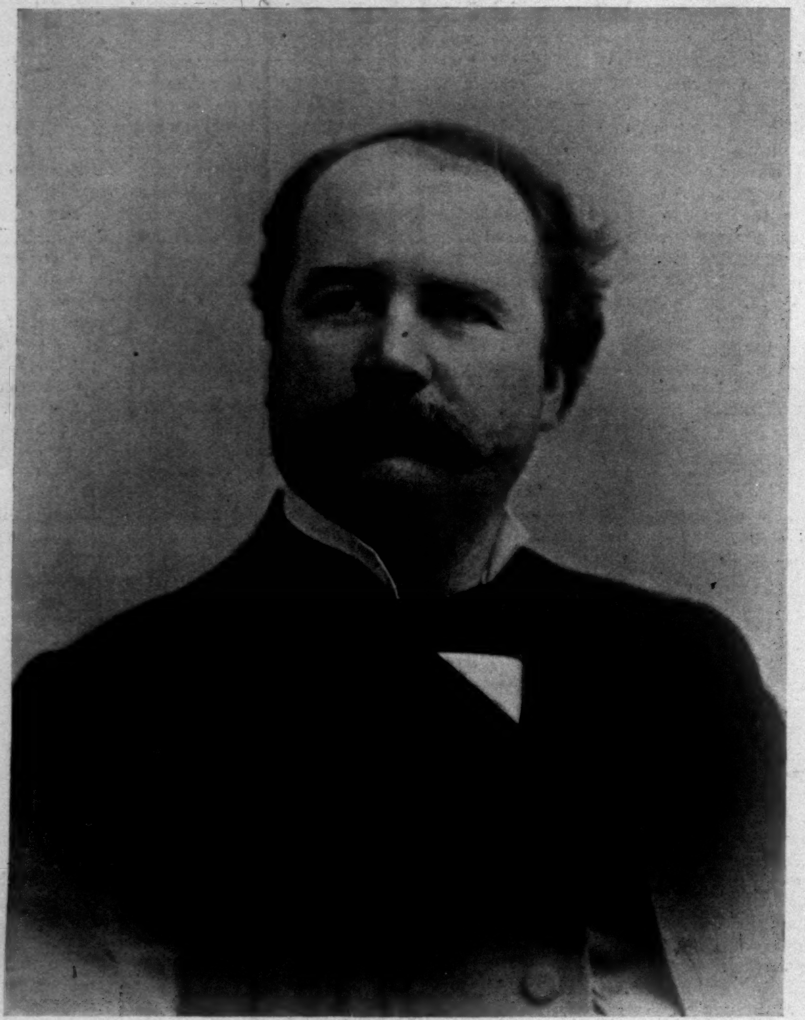
William McKinley was twenty-two years of age, and might have entered the regular service of the United States, but the young man's father was opposed to his son receiving a commission. William McKinley now studied law, and entered the office of Charles E. Glidden and David Wilson, then the leading practitioners of the Mahoning County bar. In 1867 he attended the legal course at Albany, New York, and was admitted to practice in 1867. Going to Canton, he entered into partnership with Judge Belden. In 1869 he was elected by the Republicans as prosecuting attorney of Stark County, and this was probably William McKinley's début in politics.

From that time on Mr. McKinley took an active part in political affairs. In 1876 he was announced as the candidate for the Congressional nomination, and was elected. This was his first entrance into national politics. In 1878 he was again elected to the same position. In 1890 he became a conspicuous figure, as he ran in opposition to Lieutenant-Governor John W. Warwick. It was during this year that the tariff bill to which his name is attached became a national topic. The election resulted in the defeat of McKinley. This fight was an exceedingly bitter one, but brought the Republican candidate markedly before the public.

In Congress Mr. McKinley served on several committees—on the Judiciary, Revision of Laws, Post-office Expenditures, and Rules. When Mr. Garfield accepted the Presidential nomination, Mr. McKinley took his place on the Committee of Ways and Means, and served continuously in that position. As its chairman, he was in the front, in the contest over tariff revision, in pushing forward what is known as the McKinley bill.

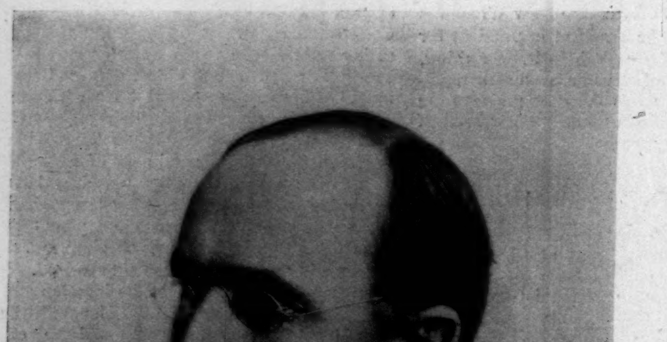
In 1891 Mr. McKinley was nominated for Governor of Ohio, and was elected by a plurality of 21,511 votes. Running for the same office in 1893, he defeated the Hon. L. T. Neal by a majority of nearly 81,000 votes. The nominee of the Republican party has had a great deal to do with political conventions.

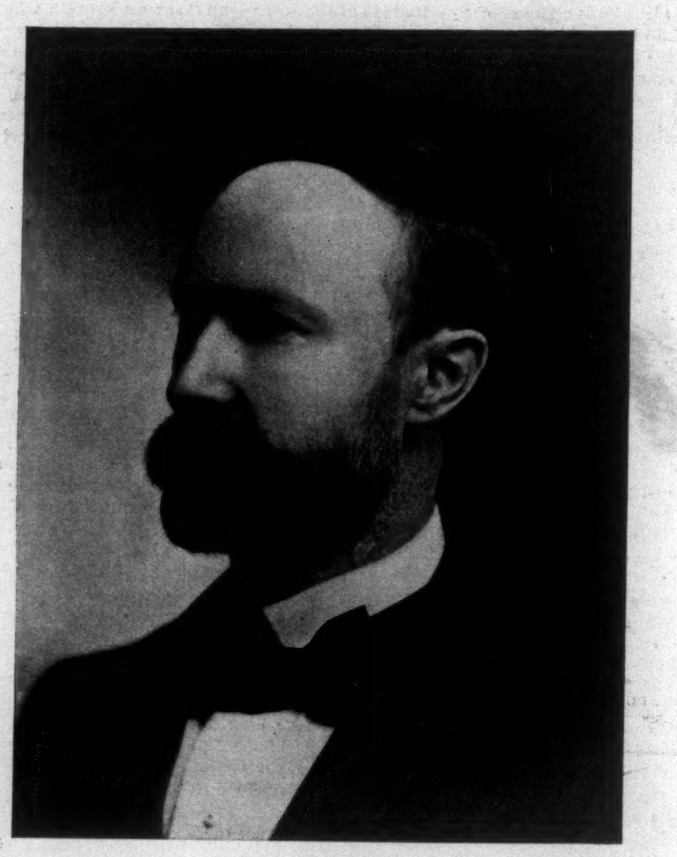
In 1884 he was the delegate of the Republican National Convention, and supported Blaine. In 1888 he was one of the four Ohio delegates at large, and cast his vote for Sherman. During this convention the chances of Mr. McKinley becoming a Presidential candidate were considered as possible. In 1892 McKinley was once more a delegate at large to the National Convention, and occupied the position of chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and then was the permanent chairman of the convention. When during that contest it was apparent that the struggle would be between Harrison and Blaine, an endeavor was made to effect a compromise, the opposition inclining towards Mr. McKinley.

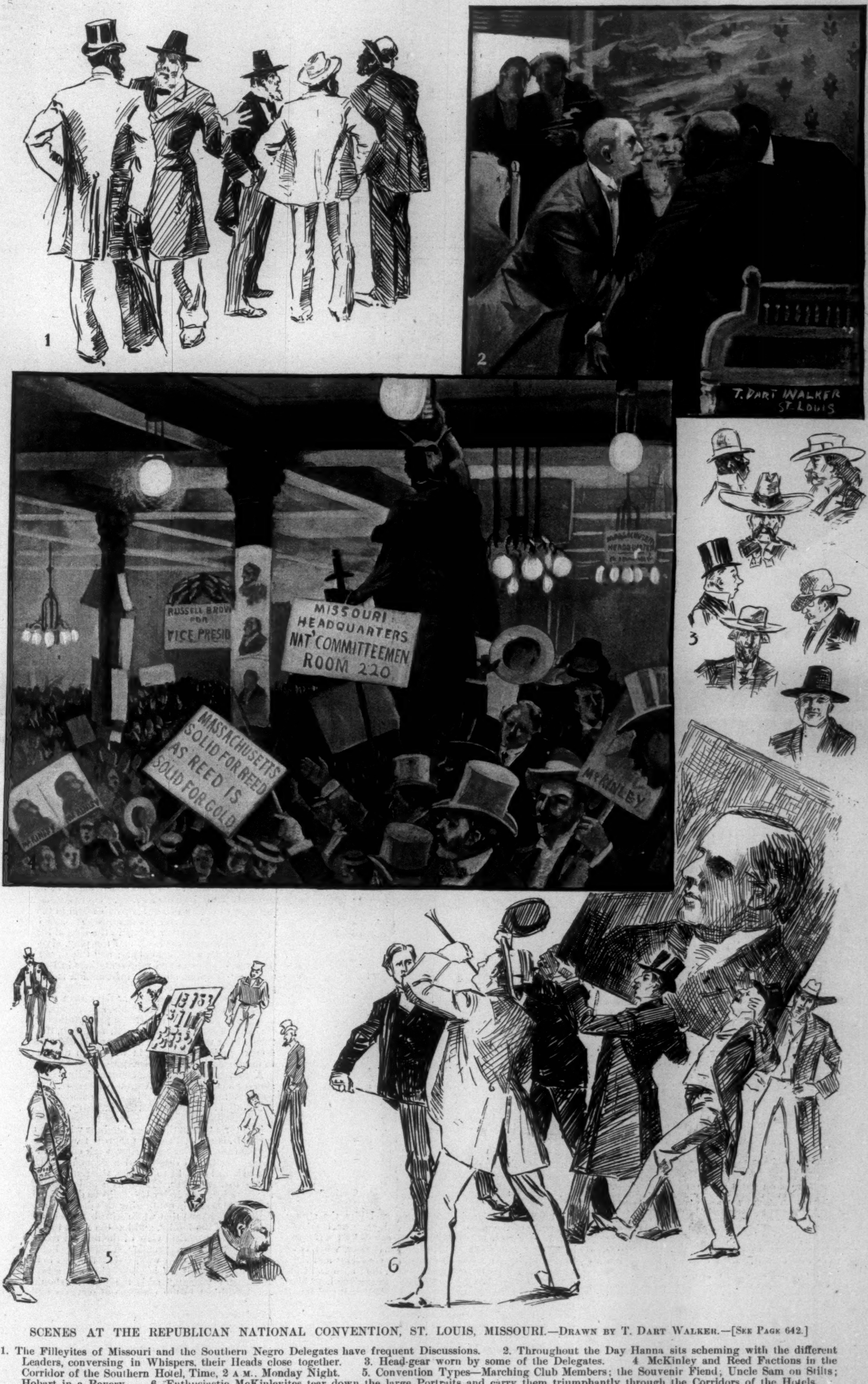

GARRET AUGUSTUS HOBART,
Republican Candidate for Vice-President.

GARRET A. HOBART.

Mr. Garret Augustus Hobart, the Republican nominee for Vice-President, was born at Long Branch, New Jersey, in 1844. He was educated at Rutgers College, and was graduated when he was twenty. His career, like that of Mr. McKinley, commenced as a schoolmaster. Later on he studied law in Passaic County, and was admitted to the bar in 1869. In 1871 he became city counsel of Paterson, and in 1872 counsel of the Freeholders of Passaic County. In the same year he represented the Third District of Passaic County in the State Assembly. Mr. Hobart then became one of the leading Republicans in his section. In 1876 he went to the State Senate. In 1881 he was elected its President, and served before that as chairman of many important committees. In 1884 he was a member of the Republican National Committee, and has remained one of its executive officers. Mr. Hobart is considered as having shown much ability in railroad business, and was receiver for the New Jersey Midland Railroad Company.


JOHN M. THURSTON,
Permanent Chairman of the Republican National Convention.


CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS,
Temporary Chairman of the Republican National Convention.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T. DART WALKER
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RUSSELL BROWN FOR VICE PRESID
MISSOURI HEADQUARTERS NAT' COMMITTEEMEN ROOM 220
MASSACHUSETTS SOLID FOR REED AS REED IS SOLID FOR GOLD
McKINLEY
4
5
6

SCENES AT THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 642.]

1. The Filleyites of Missouri and the Southern Negro Delegates have frequent Discussions. 2. Throughout the Day Hanna sits scheming with the different Leaders, conversing in Whispers, their Heads close together. 3. Head-gear worn by some of the Delegates. 4 McKinley and Reed Factions in the Corridor of the Southern Hotel, Time, 2 A. M., Monday Night. 5. Convention Types—Marching Club Members; the Souvenir Fiend; Uncle Sam on Stilts; Hobart in a Revery. 6. Enthusiastic McKinleyites tear down the large Portraits and carry them triumphantly through the Corridors of the Hotels.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THERE has come to me from the hand of a friend, very unofficially, a little book of verse, dateless, placeless, without a publisher, which has greatly interested me. Such foundlings of the press always appeal to one by their forlornness; but commonly the appeal is to one's pity only, which is moved all the more if the author of the book has innocently printed his portrait with his verse. In this present case I felt a heightened pathos in the appeal from the fact that the face which confronted me when I opened the volume was the face of a young negro, with the race traits strangely accented: the black skin, the woolly hair, the thick, outrolling lips, and the mild, soft eyes of the pure African type. One cannot be very sure, ever, about the age of those people, but I should have thought that this poet was about twenty years old; and I suppose that a generation ago he would have been worth, apart from his literary gift, twelve or fifteen hundred dollars, under the hammer. My sense of all this was intensified when I came to read the little book, and to recognize its artistic quality; but I hope that the love of dramatic contrasts has not made me overvalue it as a human event, or that I do not think unduly well of it because it is the work of a man whose race has not hitherto made its mark in his art.

I do not forget what that race has done in some other arts: I know that it has achieved something worthy of more than respect on the stage; that in sculpture its attempts have been worthy of note; that in oratory, Booker Washington is the equal of the most eloquent and forcible speakers among us; that in fiction Dumas is the chief glory of the romantic school. But I do not remember any English-speaking negro, at least, who has till now done in verse work of at all the same moment as Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the author of the volume I am speaking of.

Burns has long had the consecration of the world's love and honor, and I shall not do this unknown but not ungifted poet the injury of comparing him with Burns; yet I do not think one can read his negro pieces without feeling that they are of like impulse and inspiration with the work of Burns when he was most Burns, when he was most Scotch, when he was most peasant. When Burns was least himself he wrote literary English, and Mr. Dunbar writes literary English when he is least himself. But not to urge the mischievous parallel further, he is a real poet whether he speaks a dialect or whether he writes a language. He calls his little book Majors and Minors; the Majors being in our American English, and the Minors being in dialect, the dialect of the middle-south negroes and the middle-south whites; for the poet's ear has been quick for the accent of his neighbors as well as for that of his kindred. I have no means of knowing whether he values his Majors more than his Minors; but I should not suppose it at all unlikely, and I am bound to say none of them are despicable. In very many I find the proofs of honest thinking and true feeling, and in some the record of experience, whose genuineness the reader can test by his own.

CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE.

"Goodbye," I said to my conscience—
  "Goodbye for aye and aye,"
And I put her hands off harshly,
  And turned my face away;
And conscience, smitten sorely,
  Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
  Grew weary of its pace;
And I cried: "Come back, my conscience,
  I long to see thy face."
But conscience cried: "I cannot,
  Remorse sits in my place."

Most of these pieces, however, are like most of the pieces of most young poets, cries of passionate aspiration and disappointment, more or less personal or universal, which except for the negro face of the author one could not find specially notable. It is when we come to Mr. Dunbar's Minors that we feel ourselves in the presence of a man with a direct and a fresh authority to do the kind of thing he is doing. I wish I could give the whole of the longest of these pieces, which he calls The Pahty, but I must content myself with a passage or two. They will impart some sense of the jolly rush of its movement, its vivid picturesqueness, its broad characterization; and will perhaps suffice to show what vistas into the simple, sensuous, joyous nature of his race Mr. Dunbar's work opens:

THE PAHTY.

Dey had a gread big pahty down to Tom's de othah night;
Was I dah? You bet! I nevah in my life see sich a sight;
All de folks f'om fou' plantations was invited, an' dey come,
Dey come troopin' thick ez chillun when dey heahs a fife an' drum.
Evahbody dressed dere fines'—Heish yo' mouf an' git away!
Ain't seen no sich fancy dressin' sence las' quah'tly meetin' day;
Gals all dressed in silks an' satins, not a wrinkle ner a crease,
Eyes a-battin', teeth a-shinin', haih breshed back ez slick ez grease;
Sku'ts all tucked an' puffed an' ruffled, evah blessed seam an' stitch;
Ef you'd seen 'em wif deir mustus, couldn't swahed to which was which.

. . . .

We had wheat bread white ez cotton an' a egg pone jes like gol',
Hog jole, bilin' hot an' steamin', roasted shoat, an' ham sliced cold—
Look out! What's de mattah wif you? Don't be fallin' on de flo';
Ef it's go'n' to 'fect you dat way, I won't tell you nothin' mo'.
Dah now—well, we had hot chittlin's—now you'se tryin' again to fall;
Cain't you stan' to heah about it? 'Spose you'd been an' seed it all;
Seed dem gread big sweet pertaters, layin' by de possum's side,
Seed dat coon in all his gravy, reckon den you'd up an' died!
Mandy 'lowed, "You all mus' 'scuse me, d'want much upon my she'ves,
But I've done my bes' to suit you, so set down an' he'p yo'se'ves."
Tom, he 'lowed, "I don't b'lieve in 'pologizin' an' perfessin',
Let 'em tek it lak dey ketch it; Eldah Thompson, ask de blessin'."
Wish you'd seed dat colo'ed preachah cleah his th'oat an' bow his head;
One eye shet, an' one eye open—dis is evah wud he said:
"Lawd, look down in tendah mussy on sich generous hawts ez dese;
Make us truly thankful, amen. Pass dat possum, ef yo' please!"
Well, we eat and drunk ouah po'tion, twell dah wasn't nothin' lef',
An' we felt jes like new sausage, we was 'mos' nigh stuffed to def!
Tom, he knowed how we'd be feelin', so he had de fiddlah 'roun',
An' he made us cleah de cabin fu' to dance dat suppah down.
Jim, de fiddlah, chuned his fiddle, put some rosum on his bow,
Set a pine box on de table, mounted it an' let huh go!
He's a fiddlah now I tell you, an' he made dat fiddle ring,
Twell de ol'est an' de lames' had to give deir feet a fling.
Jigs, cotillions, reels an' break-downs, cordrills an' a waltz er two;
Bless yo' soul, dat music winged 'em an' dem people lak to flew!
Cripple Joe, de ole rheumatic, danced dat flo' f'om side to middle,
Th'owed away his crutch an' hopped it, what's rheumatics 'ginst a fiddle?
Eldah Thompson got so tickled dat he lak to lose his grace,
Had to tek bofe feet an' hol' dem so's to keep 'em in deir place.
An' de Christuns an' de sinnahs got so mixed up on dat flo'
Dat I don't see how dey'd pahted ef de trump had chanced to blow.
Well, we danced dat way an' capahed in de mos' redic'lous way,
Twell de roostahs in de bahn-yard cleahed deir th'oats an' crowed fu' day.
Y'ought to been dar, fu' I tell you evahthing was rich an' prime,
An' dey ain't no use in talkin', we jes had one scrumptious time!

One sees how the poet exults in his material, as the artist always does; it is not for him to blink its commonness, or to be ashamed of its rudeness; and in his treatment of it he has been able to bring us nearer to the heart of primitive human nature in his race than any one else has yet done. The range between appetite and emotion is not great, but it is here that his race has hitherto had its being, with a lift now and then far above and beyond it. A rich, humorous sense pervades his recognition of this fact, without excluding a fond sympathy, and it is the blending of these which delights me in all his dialect verse.

WHEN DE CO'N PONE'S HOT.

Dey is times in life when Nature
  Seems to slip a cog an' go,
Jes a-rattlin' down creation,
  Lak an ocean's overflow;
When de worl' jes stahts a-spinnin'
  Lak a picaninny's top,
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
  Twell it seems about to slop.
An' you feel jes lak a racah
  Dat is trainin' fu' to trot—
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
  An' de co'n pone's hot.

When you set down at de table,
  Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,
An' you'se jes a little tiahed,
  An' purhaps a little mad,
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
  How yo' joy drives out de doubt,
When de oven do' is opened
  An' de smell comes po'in' out,
Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven
  Seems to settle on de spot—
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
  An' de co'n pone's hot.

When de cabbage pot is steamin'
  An' de bacon's good an' fat,
When de chittlin's is a sputter'n'
  So's to show you whah dey's at,
Take away yo' sody biscuit,
  Take away yo' cake an' pie,
Fu' de glory time is comin',
  An' it's 'proachin' very nigh;
An' you want to jump an' hollah,
  Do' you know you'd bettah not—
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
  An' de co'n pone's hot.

I have heerd o' lots o' sermons,
  An' I've heerd o' lots o' prayers,
An' I've listened to some singin'
  Dat has tuk me up de stairs
Of de Glory-Lan' an' set me
  Jes' below de Mahster's th'one,
An' have lef' my hawt a-singin'
  In a happy aftah tone,
But dem wu'ds so sweetly murmured
  Seem to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy ses de blessin'
  An' de co'n pone's hot.

Several of the pieces are pure sentiment, like The Deserted Plantation; but these without lapsing into sentimentality recall the too easy pathos of the pseudo-negro poetry of the minstrel show. There is no such suggestion in When de Co'n Pone's Hot, nor in the following poem, which is purely and intensely black, as I may say, in its feeling:

WHEN MALINDY SINGS.

G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
  Put dat music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
  Ef you practise twell you're gray
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
  Like de ones dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to de big woods
  When Malindy sings. . . . .

Ain't you nevah heerd Malindy?
  Blessed soul, take up de cross!
Look heah, ain't you jokin', honey?
  Well, you don't know what you los'.
Y'ought to heah dat gal a-wa'blin';
  Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces
  When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin' man jes stop his fiddlin',
  Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin'-bird quit tryin' to whistle,
  'Cause he jes so 'shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
  Draps dey fingahs on de strings—
Bless yo' soul—fu'gits to move 'em
  When Malindy sings.

She jes spreads huh mouf an' hollahs
  "Come to Jesus," twell you heah
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps an' voices,
  Timid like a-drawin' neah;
Den she tu'ns to "Rock of Ages,"
  Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
  When Malindy sings.

Who dat says dat humble praises
  Wif de Mahster nevah counts?
Heish yo' mouf, I heah dat music
  Ez hit rises up an' mounts—
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
  Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way in glory
  To de very gates of God! . . . .

Towsah, stop dat ba'kin'! heah me?
  Mandy, make dat chile keep still;
Don't you heah de echoes callin'
  F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can heah it
  Th'oo de bresh of angels' wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"
  Ez Malindy sings.

I hope the reader likes as much as I like, the strong full pulse of the music in all these things. Mr. Dunbar's race is nothing if not lyrical, and he comes by his rhythm honestly. But what is better, what is finer, what is of larger import, in his work is what is conscious and individual in it. He is, so far as I know, the first man of his color to study his race objectively, to analyze it to himself, and then to represent it in art as he felt it and found it to be; to represent it humorously, yet tenderly, and above all so faithfully that we know the portrait to be undeniably like. A race which has reached this effect in any of its members can no longer be held wholly uncivilized; and intellectually Mr. Dunbar makes a stronger claim for the negro than the negro yet has done.

I am speaking of him as a black poet, when I should be speaking of him as a poet; but the notion of what he is insists too strongly for present impartiality. I hope I have not praised him too much, because he has surprised me so very much; for his excellences are positive and not comparative. If his Minors had been written by a white man, I should have been struck by their very uncommon quality; I should have said that they were wonderful divinations. But since they are expressions of a race-life from within the race, they seem to me indefinitely more valuable and significant. I have sometimes fancied that perhaps the negroes *thought* black, and *felt* black; that they were racially so utterly alien and distinct from ourselves that there never could be common intellectual and emotional ground between us, and that whatever eternity might do to reconcile us, the end of time would find us as far asunder as ever. But this little book has given me pause in my speculation. Here, in the artistic effect at least, is white thinking and white feeling in a black man, and perhaps the human unity, and not the race unity, is the precious thing, the divine thing, after all. God hath made of one blood all nations of men: perhaps the proof of this saying is to appear in the arts, and our hostilities and prejudices are to vanish in them.

Mr. Dunbar, at any rate, seems to have fathomed the souls of his simple white neighbors, as well as those of his own kindred; and certainly he has reported as faithfully what passes in them as any man of our race has yet done with respect to the souls of his. It would be very incomplete recognition of his work not to speak particularly of the non-negro dialect pieces, and it is to the lover of homely and tender poetry, as well as the student of tendencies, that I commend such charming sketches as Speakin' o' Christmas, After a Visit, Lonesome, and The Spellin' Bee. They are good, very good; and it is perhaps only the novelty of the achievement that seems to give superior value to the fine irony and neat satire of such a black piece as this:

ACCOUNTABILITY.

Folks ain't got no right to censuah uthah folks about dey habits;
Him dat give de squir'ls de bushtails made de bobtails fu' de rabbits;
Him dat built de grea' big mountains hollered out de little valleys;
Him dat made de streets an' driveways wasn't 'shamed to make de alleys.

We is all constructed diff'rent, d'ain't no two of us de same;
We cain't he'p ouah likes an' dislikes, ef we'se bad we ain't to blame.
Ef we'se good, we needn't show off, 'case you bet it ain't ouah doin';
We gits into su'ttain channels dat we jes' cain't he'p pu'suin'.

But we all fits into places dat no uthah ones cud fill,
An' we does the things we has to, big er little, good er ill.
John cain't tek de place o' Henry, Su an' Sally ain't alike;
Bass ain't nuthin' like a suckah, chub ain't nuthin' like a pike.

When you come to think about it, how it's all planned out it's splendid.
Nuthin's done er evah happens, 'dout hit's somefin' dat's intended;
Don't keer whut you does, you has to, an' hit sholy beats de dickens—
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o' mastah's chickens.

I am sorry that I cannot give the publisher as well as the author of this significant little book; but I may say that it is printed by Hadley & Hadley, Toledo, Ohio. It is interesting to find it dedicated to the author's mother.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT is a commonplace that the author of a charming book is a public benefactor; but perhaps few have realized that a successful author is, in proportion to his success, a more or less eminent philanthropist; that he is not less beneficent, moneywise, than the rich man who thrusts his hand into his well-filled pocket and taking therefrom one hundred thousand dollars, or half a million, or even a million dollars, puts that amount into circulation to stimulate industry, and to be distributed among working-people of all grades. In illustration of this fact it may be interesting to note that more than one million dollars has been thus put in circulation as a direct consequence of the publication and dramatization of *Trilby*. Up to January 25, 1896, the sales of copies of Du Maurier's novel in this country, added to box-office receipts at representations of the play in New York and other points in the United States, and to the royalties upon the book and the play, give a total of little less than a million dollars; and this does not include the product of sales and representations in England—certainly a large sum, although information is lacking in regard to the precise amount.

Causa latet, vis est notissima: the source of it all is just a light, elusive thing—intangible, mysterious. First there is a genial idea; then an artistic presentation of that idea is achieved with pen and pencil; and then, if chance has favored the venture, a great fortune is distributed within a year or two, in salaries, in wages—in uncounted ways, to innumerable beneficiaries.

A successful author is a commercially valuable possession for a community. A group of writers, although their product may be pure fiction—*mere* fiction—constitute a substantial and most important industry.

The tyrant man, that poor bugbear who has so few terrors left, is assisted in his progress toward harmlessness by the recent decisions of New York courts in the Simon case. Mr. Simon discharged a French governess whom his wife had seen fit to engage, whereupon his wife went home to her father. Both wife and husband sued for separation, which Judge Gildersleeve denied to both. The Appellate Court, in confirming this decision, said (through Justice Williams) that while a husband is in a legal sense the head of the family, and has the right to rule the family, still the practical view of the marital relation usually is that within her peculiar sphere, the home, the wife should have her own way, and be allowed to manage and control the details of housekeeping and servants. "An intelligent woman," adds the judge, "should certainly not be subject, in the presence of servants and guests, to humiliation and ill-treatment by her husband by the offensive assertion that he is master, and she must in all things obey him."

After July 1 the hangman in Ohio is to give place to the electrician. The way we execute criminals here in

New York has impressed the Buckeyes as more civilized and stylish than the old way, and they have agreed to adopt it. Our way is an offence to language, and nothing to boast of as a means of ending life; but such as it is, the Buckeyes are welcome to share it. What seems to be needed just now in this country is not so much new devices for inflicting capital punishment as a surer and more effectual use of such means as we have. The suggestion that we are altogether too sparing of our murderers is somewhat shocking, but in view of the great increase of murder in the country, it seems like an inevitable conclusion

Why doesn't Mr. Hammerstein, or Mr. Kosterandbial, or some other great show-man, devise an entertainment for the nose? One may pay one's money at the door and go in and have one's ears ravished with melodies and one's eyes delighted with harmonies and eccentricities of color, but what entertainment one's poor nose gets it must find for itself where it 'may. Now the pleasures of smell are very notable delights, and by no means to be sneezed at, unless they lawfully affect one in that way. The outdoor smells that one catches as he rides a bicycle along a country road—smells of locust blossoms, wild grape, hay, wet woods, barn-yards, and such like—supplement his other emotions in important measure. Perhaps smells alone would not be quite substantial enough for a whole show, but a spectacle accompanied by music and supplemented by a succession of pleasing and appropriate smells would certainly be worth paying to perceive. There might be some practical difficulty in making one smell succeed another promptly as the scene shifted, but that is only a detail, and it is the surmounting of difficulties in detail that is the successful show-man's strong point, and excuses his exactions at the door.

Zola still keeps up his fight for a seat in the French Academy. There are three vacancies now, left by Alexandre Dumas, Léon Say, and Jules Simon. One of them will be filled by M. Barboux, an eminent Paris lawyer. The candidates for the other two include Jean Aicard, novelist; Imbert de Saint-Amand, essayist; and Henri Becque, dramatic realist. None of them inspires any great amount of awe or enthusiasm, and some of the opponents of Zola would be glad to have Alphonse Daudet offer himself as a candidate. He at least is known, though he is almost as agitating and distasteful to the more conservative Academicians as Zola himself.

The Orthographic Union favors this kind of spelling: wisht, fertil, definit, catalog, program. Benjamin Smith is president of the union, and among its vice-presidents are Professor Francis A. March, Dr. Andrew D. White, Dr. Francis J. Child, Professor Brander Matthews, William R. Harper, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Howells, and Professor Alexander M. Bell. Their solicitude about the improvement of spelling is personal and selfish. They are not content to save work for posterity, but their amendments to orthography are recommended "for immediate use in books, journals, and commercial and private correspondence."

Reports says that the penalty for carrying an election button in Canada within eight days before an election is a fine of $100, or imprisonment, or both. What whimsey has set the Canadian legislature against anything so harmless as an election button? Is it a bit of political economy?

The creatures that seem to give Professor Langley most encouragement in his efforts to solve the man-flight problem are the ten-pound turkey-buzzards that loaf about in the atmosphere, hour after hour, far above the Potomac, without flapping a wing. Professor Langley and Professor Bell think that we can do that after we learn how, and Professor Bell thinks that Professor Langley is very nearly ready to teach us. "If we saw cannon-balls floating in the air," says Professor Bell, "we would think it a miracle. The only reason we are not quite as much surprised at a soaring bird is because we are used to it."

In the record of a British divorce case in the London *Times* it appears, as set forth by the petitioner's counsel in his opening remarks, that "in 1884, when they were living in Bermuda, the petitioner found that his wife was getting into rather a 'fast' set, and on one occasion, finding that she was taking rather more whiskey and soda than was good for her, he threw the contents of the glass into her face. This had the desired effect, and from that time onwards she entirely gave up the habit." Oddly enough, this incident seems to have been related in evidence of the husband's solicitude for his wife's well-being, and not at all as matter of complaint against him. Sad to say, in the end the lady relapsed into drink, and worse, and the divorce suit went against her.

In the present number will be found a large-sized portrait of Mr. McKinley. Mr. E. Schladitz, the engraver, began his career as an art student in Leipsic, and went to Vienna, Munich, London, and Paris to perfect himself. Coming to the United States in 1886, he at once assumed a leading position among wood-engravers. At the Chicago exhibition he had one engraving in particular, "Love Locked Out," which received the highest encomiums, and brought to the engraver four medals in the United States and two in Europe. Of equal excellence was another work of his, "Grandmother Telling Stories," and his portraits of Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Harrison, and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Among his more recent notable productions are the portraits of Secretary Olney and of Anton Seidl in HARPER'S WEEKLY. In the number to be published next week there will appear a full-page portrait of Mr. William Dean Howells by the same engraver.

Thomas F. Harrison, who was Assistant Superintendent of the New York schools, died at Cornwall, New York, on Saturday, the 13th of June. Mr. Harrison, who was born in New York city in 1823, at fifteen years of age began his career of teaching. In 1848 he became principal of the first public school in Flushing, Long Island. Subsequently he accepted an appointment at what is now Grammar School No. 41. The work done here was so remarkable that in 1865 Mr. Harrison was elected assistant superintendent. Mr. Harrison's attainments were many. He was an excellent astronomer and microscopist. His more particular study was directed to geography, and the Messrs. Harper & Brothers availed themselves of his services to edit their series of school-books, and he was the author of a work on Geography which has passed through many editions.

E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

Now that the scandalous lies concerning Jameson's raid have been shown up in their true light, and England has wakened to the fact that she has been duped and dishonored by a set of cowardly stock-jobbers masquerading as heroes, interest in the Jameson trial has practically subsided. Yet it is only a few weeks since Jameson landed in England. No one can well forget that day. The wildest rumors were flying about London all morning; the papers brought out edition after edition with fresh guesses of the Doctor's whereabouts—he was at Plymouth, at Southampton, off Gravesend; had been seen at the Temple landing-stage; would appear at Bow Street that very afternoon. And when towards evening, with intensely dramatic effect, a door in the police court was opened, and Jameson—the man for whom all England had been breathlessly waiting—was seen at the head of his officers stepping towards the dock, you would have thought by the cheers that all London was there to greet him. Then, and for days afterwards, whenever a bronzed face and a sombrero were caught sight of on the streets, you would find a boisterous mob of cheering Jingoes. But now that the romance has been stripped off the whole business, the general feeling is one of resentful shame. England would give a good deal to hear no more of Jameson, and be able to start again in the Transvaal with a clean slate. No one here doubts that Jameson will be convicted, and sentenced probably to a few months' imprisonment. His acquittal would simply mean another war in South Africa, and for that England, though she has the inclination, is not quite prepared—at present.

The London census has been somewhat of a disappointment to England, inasmuch as the rate of growth has slightly fallen off in the last five years. But as so many of the outlying suburbs, such as Hampstead and Willesden, lie outside the radius of the London County Council, and were consequently not included in the census, the estimate of nearly five millions is a good deal under the mark. Counting in these suburbs, the population of London is now somewhat over six and a half millions, and every one is guessing at its probable size at the end of another hundred years. The present century has seen London quintuple its population, and I have come across a mad statistician who assures me that in two hundred years London will have sixty millions of people within its boundaries. But then, for the prophet who undertakes to predict the future of London the field is a very wide one.

S. B.

CHICAGO.

THE bicyclists of Chicago have recently afforded a good illustration of the strength there is in union. Nearly all the streets that connect the South Side of the city with the West Side have long been occupied by street-car tracks, and there remained practically but a single thoroughfare that was of any use to riders of the wheel. It became evident not long ago that the street-car companies had their eyes upon this one remaining link between the two sections, and were about to get possession of it from the Common Council. Whereupon the bicyclists set about to organize a little public opinion of their own, and thousands of young men and women were soon seen decorated with yellow ribbons bearing the legend, "Jackson Street must be boulevarded." The city fathers were quickly persuaded that the grant of a street-car franchise for Jackson Street would be about as unpopular an act as possible, and decided, at a recent meeting, to turn the street in question over to the Park Commissioners, provided the latter would accept it. Once in their hands, of course, the street will be out of the reach of the city government, and will be maintained by special taxation as a part of the system of pleasure-grounds and connecting boulevards of which Chicago has such good reason to be proud.

The Northwestern University, of Evanston, an institution controlled strictly by the Methodists, has not had very good luck with its Commencement speakers. Last year the Rev. Lyman Abbott was the guest of honor, and chose for his subject the unhallowed theme of "Evolution," discussing it in so liberal a spirit as to make many of his hearers squirm. But the experience of that occasion was nothing to what was in store for this year, when the Commencement orator was Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain, the sometime Governor of South Carolina, and now a New York lawyer. The speaker had hardly got warmed up to his subject, which was announced as "The Limitations of Freedom," when he began to pay his respects to the sectarian theory of education. The horror of his orthodox hearers may be imagined when he said, "The day is past—forever past, let us believe and hope—when the church, in any of its forms or organizations, should be allowed to seize upon or dominate our chief seats of education." Having enlarged upon this subject to his own satisfaction, although hardly to that of his hearers, he branched off into politics, and was presently heard to denounce protection as "one of the greatest evils that threaten the life of our nation," calling it "a form of paternalism or tutelage abhorrent to every just conception of the functions of a democratic, republican, or free government." After this it was not surprising to hear him call Ambassador Bayard "an American of the noblest type," and to describe that high-minded statesman Platt as "a man of smaller intellectual and moral calibre than Hill, and of less business capacity than Murphy." A little later—for the address was not brief—the speaker got round to the G. A. R., charging that organization with "converting the honor of a soldier's service to his country into the more than questionable aspect of a constant, unappeasable clamor for bounties and preferences at the hands of the government, spitting its venom on the few, like President Cleveland, President Eliot, and Colonel Waring, who have the manliness to resist these assaults on the rights of all." Altogether the address was a very outspoken affair, and it is not often that so much sound doctrine is heard in a single evening. But the good people of the Northwestern University will not ask Mr. Chamberlain to speak for them again, nor will they ask anybody else without a careful preliminary investigation of his opinions. Some of the comments of the Methodist ministers were pointed, if not exactly elegant. "He is a sore-head," said one. "He crucified the church," said another. "Ingersoll would have made a speech more in keeping with the occasion," said a third. But none of them, as far as observed, has attempted to refute any of the statements that called out so much disapproval.

W. M. P.

NEW ORLEANS.

FROM the Leper Home, hidden away at Jordan Camp, in Iberville parish, comes the news that the majority of the unfortunates confined there have materially improved during the year under careful and scientific treatment, encouraging the hope that the leprosy which prevails in southern Louisiana, and which is not of the Oriental type, will yield to treatment. Heretofore the subject has been "tabooed," and the lepers, in their out-of-the-way settlements, fled to the woods at the very approach of a doctor or officer of the Board of Health. The last Legislature had the courage to face this disagreeable matter, and provided for the establishment of a leper's home. This had to be done secretly. There was almost a popular rising when New Orleans was first selected for the honor; and when Jordan Camp was purchased, in a retired part of Iberville, there were threats of legal difficulties, and even of force, to resist the establishment of the home there. At the end of a year it is found that the lepers are improving, if not getting well, and it is evident that in a very short time it will be possible to get rid of the foul blot, which has existed for nearly a century, and which would have disappeared long ago if any one had shown courage enough to deal with the question. The taboo is removed, and now a number of ladies, prominent in social circles in New Orleans, have set to work to make the lives of the unhappy lepers a little more endurable, and to assist in their cure.

"Politics mad," may well be said of Louisiana to-day. There is always more politics to the square mile in this semi-Latin State than in any other part of the Union, and present conditions are breeding more. Elections are quadrennial in Louisiana, but in every fourth year, like the present, there are two general State elections—one in April, for State and local offices; the other, in November, for President and Congressmen. As the House unseated Mr. C. J. Boatner, of the Fifth District, some time ago, declaring that there were so many frauds in that district that it was impossible to say who was really elected, an extra election has just been held (June 15), to fill the vacancy. Besides this, two more extra general elections are now promised. A bill has been introduced in the Legislature, and will be passed by that body, calling a constitutional convention, which must be held some time during the next twelve months; and the convention, it is agreed, in order to set at rest the doubts that exist as to who was elected Governor last April, will order an extra general election for all State, district, and local offices. This means four elections in every part of Louisiana within the twelve-month, with a fifth election in part of the State to fill vacancies. As a campaign in Louisiana is almost as "hot" as a Central American revolution, arousing the people to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and excitement, it can be imagined with what supreme satisfaction the unpolitical element, having just escaped from one campaign, looks forward to the three new ones promised in the next few months. There will be no political rest in Louisiana until the summer of 1897.

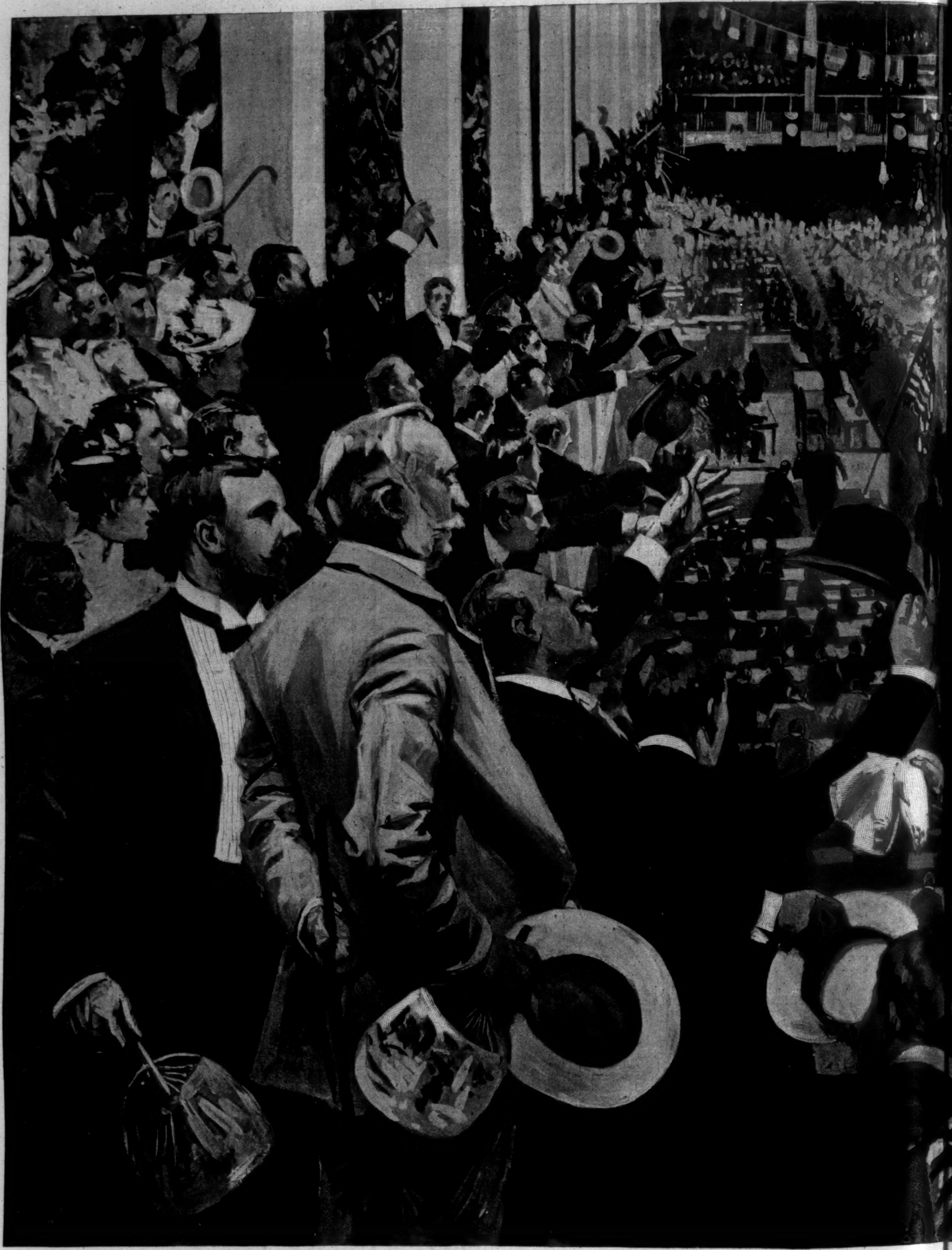
N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

FOR more than fifteen years now the Comstock lode has been little more than a diminishing chance. When the lower levels of the mines were abandoned and the waters allowed to flood them, the great gamble came to an end. Whatever was found above had its limits approximately known beforehand. The vein at a depth of 3100 feet was 800 feet wide, all mineralized, but nowhere did the gold and silver concentrate to a degree that rendered the extraction of the ore profitable. Virginia City shrank from a town of above 20,000 inhabitants to one of about 4000, and all Nevada languished. A little more than a mile to the eastward of Virginia City runs the Brunswick lode, parallel to the Comstock. Its existence has long been known, but it was never extensively prospected. Recently a number of the Comstock mining companies combined to defray the expense of sinking shafts on the Brunswick, and one of these shafts has found rich ore in Chollar ground at a depth of 200 feet. What is below is guesswork. The ore body may be a bonanza or only a pocket. Stocks have jumped all along the line, in some cases 100 per cent., in others 400. There is just a possibility that the Brunswick may be another Comstock, and yield hundreds of millions, but the probabilities are, of course, as a thousand to one against that.

A curious element has arisen in the population of the Pacific coast—Chinamen born here and now grown to manhood. They number a good many hundreds, and some of them prefer to rank as American citizens rather than as subjects of the Emperor of China. A few have registered and voted in San Francisco and elsewhere, and as no protest has been made, their title to the suffrage has not yet been judicially determined. Legal opinion inclines to the belief that when the point gets before the United States Supreme Court it will be decided in favor of these odd Americans, who may claim the ballot as a birthright. A Chinaman who ceases to be one in dress or mode of life is an unknown personage in San Francisco. Nevertheless, the young men born on the coast are disposed to compromise with the prejudices of their imported elders and the customs of the environing whites. For example, there is a "parlor" of Chinese "Native Sons of the Golden West" in San Francisco, though it has not been accorded admission to the Caucasian order of that fine name. Some of the rules of the Chinese parlor are amusing and socially illuminating. One forbids the bringing of deadly weapons into the club-room. Horse-play entails a fine of five dollars, opium smoking is prohibited, members are not permitted to sleep in the rooms or gamble there, and, finally, no member shall have the privileges of the parlor "at the time when he is intoxicated."

A. McE.



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI—SENATOR JOHN M. THURSTON, WEEKL

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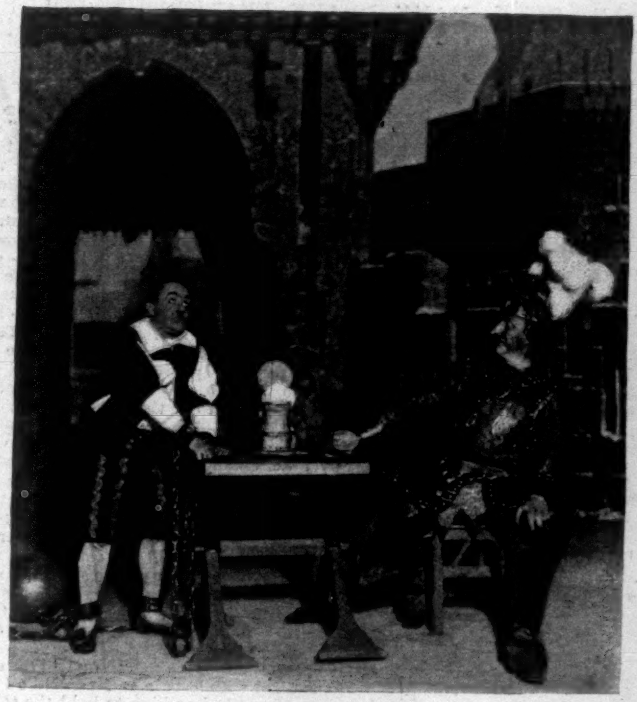


"YOU OUGHT TO BE GRATEFUL FOR ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU."

"THE TYPICAL TUNE OF ZANZIBAR."

THE BAND OF MOURNERS AND THE BRIDAL DANCE.

"I CAN DO THIS TRICK EVERY DAY."

"FOR PERU AND THE RIGHT."—FINALE OF ACT II.

SCENES FROM THE NEW COMIC OPERA "EL CAPITAN" AS PRESENTED BY DE WOLF HOPPER AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

THE MILWAUKEE STREET-CAR STRIKE.

No strikers have ever been so solidly supported by the concerted action of the entire community as have the striking street-car men of Milwaukee. First a demand for shorter hours and increased pay, followed by a prompt refusal from the company; and then a cessation of work on the part of the men and an almost unanimous desertion of street cars by the public. That is the case. The boycott followed swiftly on the heels of the strike, and continued without interruption for more than a month. So solidly did the sense of the public support the strikers that not only was local politics affected, but the fortune and future of State officials, and of a State's representative in the nation's Congress, were simply pawns on the working-men's chess-board.

In the beginning a very strong sentiment of antipathy to the street-car company had possessed the people. Milwaukee, though a city of 300,000 people, is essentially a commons. The possession of much wealth may mark lines of caste in a later generation; for the present the word of the working-man is *vox Dei*. And the working-men, after slow years, asked that their hours of work be reduced from twelve to ten hours daily; that they be paid an advance of one cent an hour for the regular day, and an additional increase for overtime. Some further details of a concession were demanded, and the street-car company could not see the way to compliance. Possibly the tone of that refusal was more impatient than it need have been. Certainly a belief that working-men were scorned in that refusal lent zest to the energy with which later the workmen pushed their campaign.

The street cars were abandoned. When motormen and conductors from other cities reached Milwaukee, the militia was required to give them safe conduct. Municipal police were too near the heart of the strikers to ensure efficiency. The car company was rich, and it fought stubbornly. An excellent street-car service was made even more attractive. But the cars ran empty all hours of the day, while the pavements groaned with crowds of workmen all hours of the day. But it was not workmen alone. It was business men, professional men, women, and youths who, either on principle or from fear, scorned the cars and sturdily walked between business and home.

Expressmen fitted seats in their wagons by nailing strips of carpet along plain boards, and carried all their horses could draw. The fare was ten cents, even for "short hauls"—twice the street-car rate; but it was paid uncomplainingly, even exultingly. Every imaginable vehicle was brought into use. 'Busses from suburbs and country towns, band-wagons unseen except on gala days, carettes from Chicago—anything that could haul human freight was drafted into service. But it had no appreciable effect. The people were walking. Pavements were not less crowded. And empty electric cars, with clanging bells and willing attendants, went buzzing and rocking all over town.

There were many diverting incidents. The spirit of the hour was illustrated in a badge, very generally worn, as follows: "Scabs ride on street cars, but the Dutch walk!"

Women of fortune gave such encouragement as they could, and stopped their carriages at the pavement to take up some shop-girl who seemed unequal to the journey. Tradesmen were requested not to sell goods to the new men, and complied. A lawyer, summoned to another city, unable to walk from his home to the station, waited nervously for the uncertain volunteer conveyances, and finally accepted a passing trolley. His lonely state attracted attention, and two days later, when he returned, he found himself a pariah whose cash patronage was a positive menace to the men who had served him gladly for years. Employers accepted the patent excuse, and forgave all manner of tardiness in the morning.

Public entertainments given to raise funds for the street-car men were patronized with a hilarious and abounding enthusiasm that produced much money; and the "hits" on these occasions were the bits of doggerel that flayed the new men, and pledged the public to an unending warfare against the company.

Milwaukee city and county is normally Democratic, but last election marked a difference, and as things go this year they should have been safely Republican for November. The Legislature to be chosen at that time will elect a United States Senator to succeed William F. Vilas, Democrat. John C. Spooner, Republican, seemed the logical legatee. William Upham, Governor of Wisconsin, is a Republican. Henry C. Payne and Charles C. Pfister, president and director of the street-car company, are managers of Republican affairs in Wisconsin. Milwaukee concluded to defeat the street-car company by buying the properties, and asked Governor Upham to call the Legislature in special session that the purchase might be effected. Milwaukee County has one-seventh of the voting population of the State. Between two fires, the Governor dared not move. And when he attempted to temporize, the roar that rose from this new storm centre might well have frightened a stronger man. The county threw over both old parties in 1886, and seemed likely to repeat the experiment.

Then came the third—and logical—stage of the strike. Violence was added to the arguments against the company. Cars were stoned, motormen and conductors, though heavily guarded, were subjected to indignities or arrested for carrying concealed the weapons which alone saved them from violence. A barb wire was strung across the street at night just high enough to strike the motorman with its savage fangs. Obstructions were piled on tracks, and the man must be not only lucky but brave who removed them. Fusillades of stones and clubs, and finally of bullets, from unseen sources, became frequent. It was necessary for a time to stop the night cars.

And this situation held for five weeks. The men had refused to draw the pay earned between the last pay-day and the time of quitting work, because it was not at the rate they had demanded. And the drawing of their money June 11 by 300 men, who went to the offices in a body, was the first suggestion of collapse. That same day scores of the old men applied for work at the company's terms, and such of them as could pass a newly instituted physical examination were put on the "waiting list." They will be given employment—in time. Many of those who had taken the strikers' places were from other cities, and are willing to go home. Many others are of the type that works only at intervals, and their departure will follow naturally, no matter what disposition is made of the strikers.

Gradually there seems coming a subsidence of popular feeling in the matter. The spectacle of an entire city fighting the strikers' battle, to its own inconvenience, to the perilling of business and the disturbing of politics, is fading away. Practically, all left is the fulfilment of those threats which hinted of retribution at the polls; and the owners of the roads, with the preservers of politicians, look across the five months that must intervene, and hope even the steady German memory of Milwaukee may have suffered a lapse by that time.

WATCHING THE BRIDE.

FROM her deep eyes I may not drink;
  Love-wells, for me they flow not;
I may but watch above their brink,
  While all their depths I know not.
Yet one there is doth sound their deep;
God grant that tender watch he keep!

Her heart, that nestleth in her breast,
  Hath room for love to swell in;
It maketh soft and warm a nest
  That my heart may not dwell in.
But I would know that who doth dwell
Therein doth keep and guard it well.

Oh, eyes and heart that are not mine,
  Be yours most gentle keeping,
That naught should make the sweet heart pine,
  Or bring the dear eyes weeping.
For though ye be not mine, I wis
That where ye are, half my heart is!

CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

MR. HOPPER AND "EL CAPITAN."

OPERETTA may be treated as high art when high artists choose to toy with the fooleries of life and whet their pencils merely to make the world merry. But most of them are going about, after the fashion of Virgil's Dame Rumor, with their feet in tangled paths and their sublime heads among the stars. Only Gilbert and Sullivan have consented to leave tragedy and grand opera to the gods, and to don the cap and bells for the heart's-ease of humankind.' So operetta is left to ordinary mortals, and, like republican government, is of the people and for the people. It is said that Johann Strauss was induced by his wife to write his first operetta.

"Johann," quoth she, "Offenbach's operettas are nothing but dance music. Now you are the finest composer of dance music in the world. Ergo, go to."

So Johann Strauss wrote *Queen Indigo*, and instead of songs without words, Vienna had dances with words. I do not know who said, "Half the recent operettas which have pleased the public are marches with words, and John Philip Sousa is the best composer of marches in America." But some one conceived that ingenious and delectable idea, and Mr. Sousa, with the necessary aid of a librettist, Charles Klein, wrote *El Capitan*. It is an excellent plan in procuring a librettist to get a good one. Mr. Klein has established a claim to a place among the chosen.

His *El Capitan* is not distinguished by literary merit. There is hardly a memorable phrase or a unique speech in the book; but it is an admirable book for all that. Literary excellence is by no means essential in dramatic work. Mr. Klein's humor—and frolicsome humor it is, too—is in the development of his story. The premise from which he deduces his tale is ridiculous and improbable; but that is expected in operetta. No one demands a regard for the eternal verities in a work whose purpose is to produce laughter. It is easy to accept the presumption that Don Medigua, Viceroy of Peru, can disguise himself as El Capitan, the famous guerilla warrior, and mingle with the enemy to save his own life. Once that fact is accepted, the humor of Mr. Klein's book becomes delightful.

His story is clear and logical, and it is developed with much dramatic skill. The situations in which the unhappy Don Medigua is placed are all genuinely comic, and they grow naturally out of the incidents of a story. They are not forced into the play, but seem to be inevitable, and that is proof positive of the author's skill in construction. They are also admirably adapted to the requirements of the chief actor, De Wolf Hopper. He is always on the stage, always in trouble, and always an object of mirth; yet he always commands the sympathy of the audience. The other personages of the play revolve around him as satellites, yet each has a distinct character and place in the sunny system of fun. He must be hard to please who cannot find occasion for many a hearty laugh in the three acts of good-natured nonsense which Mr. Klein has put together.

Mr. Sousa has made his music on a plan similar to that of the librettist. He has not attempted to rise to a level of delicate and subtle art, but has written frankly in a popular style. He has here and there inserted bits which prove his musicianship, but he has never done this at the expense of simplicity of style. In form and rhythm his music is such as to appeal to the average theatre-goer, but it is always tuneful and full of color. Of course the marches are the best numbers. "Behold El Capitan" is one of Sousa's happiest inventions, and the finale of the second act is truly stirring. On the whole the score is most agreeable, and the orchestration is excellent.

Mr. Hopper is a natural comedian. His fun flows as blandly and smoothly as fine olive-oil. It is unctuous, yet pungent. It is withal so genial that it is the essence of good-fellowship, and sends the theatre-goer home in a most happy frame of mind, well satisfied with himself and with the world in general. As I have already noted, he finds in Don Medigua a most congenial part, and he loses not a single one of its many opportunities for fun-making. The members of his company are also well suited to their parts, and the result is a smooth and effective performance. The scenery and costumes of *El Capitan* are handsome and harmonious. The operetta has attracted large audiences at the Broadway Theatre for several weeks, and only intensely hot weather can prevent it from running all summer. It certainly deserves success, for it is good in its kind.

W. J. HENDERSON.

MANY BRAVE FEATHERS CONCLUDES TO HAVE A GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.

BY WILLIAM BLEASDELL CAMERON.

"He was a scholar .... and a good one."

"I HAVE thought much of your talk last year and in the years before, Son of the Great White Mother," said Many Brave Feathers, after smoking reflectively for a time. "Many times it has come into my head. I wish to please the Great White Mother; I will have the school."

The Inspector of Indian Agencies drew himself up with dignity. He wore a frock-coat, gloves, and a tall hat.

"The Great White Mother will be exceedingly pleased, Many Brave Feathers," he said. "She will be glad—glad to learn that her son Many Brave Feathers, the wise and strong, chief of the great Plain Cree nation, has come to see the benefits which will accrue to the children of his people from the white man's education. They will be enabled, by the study of the industrial and economic arts and of the usages of civilized society, to clothe and support themselves like us, as becomes good citizens of our fair Dominion. I am proud to be the bearer of your message to the Great Mother."

The Cree chief threw the soiled and tattered white blanket back over his shoulder, with a gesture of slight impatience.

"Much talk with big words is very good sometimes when there are plenty to hear, though they do not know. The Great White Mother is very good to her poor red children, and her pale-faced sons fill our ears with a pleasant sound when they speak, though we do not understand. But wait: big words are not so good for me as little, nor much talk; yet I have more to say. The Great White Mother will let me name the one who shall show my children what they should know."

"It is well," replied the Inspector. "You will of course choose one who is filled with learning. Meanwhile I shall secure a house temporarily in which to hold the school, and shall send you books, maps, and everything necessary. At noon each day the children attending will be fed by the teacher—biscuits and rice."

"And will the teacher be fed too?" asked the chief.

"What's he say?" asked the Inspector of the interpreter.

"She says: 'The teacher, him, will she get grub too?'" answered the half-breed, promptly, with the easy confidence bred of conscious mastery of the intricacies of the tongue *Anglais*.

"No; he will have to feed himself; but the good White Mother will pay him twenty-five dollars each month for teaching the school."

"But he will have charge of the biscuits and the rice?"

"Yes."

"And the first twenty-five dollars—will she pay it now?"

"No; at the end of the month."

"It is good. To-morrow morning the Son of the Great White Mother will come again to my tent. The teacher will be, the children will be, and the school shall begin. He may send the biscuits and the rice, but he need not bring books; I have all that is wanted, and a map."

This hit the Inspector as a somewhat novel arrangement, but he said nothing. Things sometimes took on unaccustomed aspects in these Indian negotiations, and one had to be diplomatic. Getting in the thin edge of the wedge was the great point. All would be resolved to order in time.

At ten o'clock next day the Inspector, with his staff, alighted before the door of Many Brave Feathers's lodge, and the chief solemnly motioned him to a seat opposite himself on the floor inside. Half a dozen copper-hided little urchins looked at him awfully out of steely eyes, but he saw no one else.

"The teacher—he has not yet arrived, Many Brave Feathers?" said the Inspector.

"He is here," returned the chief, tapping his chest with his right-hand forefinger. "*I* am the teacher. Children," he continued, turning to the youthful group, "the lesson will now commence."

The Inspector's secretary, the Commandant of the Mounted Police, the Indian Agent, and the Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company were taking covert glances at the Inspector, with faint suggestions of amusement discernible in the lines about their mouths and eyes. The Inspector's face, on the contrary, betrayed no such condition of his feelings, but was, in fact, set in lines of severe rigidity. His tall hat looked particularly tall and straight. As many of the warriors as could be seen through the open doorway and under the rolled-up tent curtain wore comprehensive grins.

The chief picked up a long, heavy hunting-knife, and indicating the floor with a sweep of his arm, resumed:

"This is my map—a little bit of the big country which you will see when you go outside in two smokes to play with the horses and practise with your bows and arrows."

He sunk the knife deep in the ground, turned up a handful of soil, and went on:

"Children, this is your father and your mother. You spring from this; from this the grass grows when the snow melts and the rain falls. The buffalo eat the grass—you eat the buffalo. So you live, because your father and your mother feed you; and when you die you go to earth again, and again the grass grows over you.

"Children, the school is over for to-day. Remember what I have told you. Running Antelope, is the rice cooked?" Running Antelope hobbled up to the kettle and peered into it. Yes, the rice was cooked.

"Then," concluded Many Brave Feathers, "I will eat some, to see that it is good, and I will also eat cakes of the hard flour which the kind Great White Mother sends, to know that they are not bad and will not harm our little ones. When you have eaten plenty, children, you will go outside and see more of my big country, of which I showed you a little on the map. Then you will be strong, and not afraid to ride the saddleless horses which are not yet well broken, nor to leave the camp to kill rabbits with your bows and arrows.

"And when the Great Good White Mother gives me the twenty-five dollars, at the end of the moon, we will have a big war-dance, and you shall come and taste white dog to make you strong hearts, and hear how your fathers won their Blackfoot scalps.

"*How! how!* Son of the Great White Mother and her Message-Bearer, I salute you!"

It was some years after the formal opening by Many Brave Feathers of his school before a regularly appointed institution of the government order was established upon his reserve.

SLATIN PASHA.

THE sound of the ombeÿa—the Sudanese war-horn, made from an elephant's tusk—was for four years a challenge to which Slatin, at the head of his brown and black soldiers, cheerfully responded. At that time (during the four years from 1879 to 1883) he was military governor of Darfur, and cleverly held the province for his employer, the Egyptian government. But during the twelve next following years (1883 to 1895) the same potent and melancholy notes gave warning of the expeditions of his own companions, for he was the Dervishes' captive and the Khalifa's servant. Last year he escaped; to-day he is with the Anglo-Egyptian forces advancing up the Nile. He is again to penetrate that most outlandish inland, that region of the elephant's-tusk war-horn, the bloody heart of the Dark Continent.

Reviewing his life thus far, we first recall the fact that he was a lieutenant in the Austrian army, serving in the regiment of the unfortunate Crown-Prince Rudolf, when General Gordon wrote inviting him to try his luck in central Africa. The invitation was accepted, and as soon as his engagements permitted Slatin placed himself at Gordon's disposal.

Evidently the beginning was full of interest, of exhilaration. Gordon himself was an uncommonly attractive man—warm-hearted, cool-headed; generous, if not reckless, of purse and person; moving so rapidly from place to place, wherever his presence was required, that he baffled the combinations of his enemies, yet, when the fight was at its worst, finding time to light a cigarette. Stimulated by Gordon's example, upheld by his friendship, Slatin took the first steps in a career that promised a very great and very quickly earned reward. He was in high spirits. When he had headache, and a native doctor who had been called in to attend him squeezed the sufferer's head between his black hands, and, to exorcise the headache-devil, spat in his face, Slatin could see the humor of it—after having knocked the doctor down. And with not less genial tolerance he could remark that sulphur was one of the choice perfumes of the country, and that in some of his campaigns, although the field of operations lay between the 10th and 15th degrees, his troops suffered from the intense *cold*. Everything seemed to be coming his way, and presently he found himself in an important command, as Governor-General of the province of Darfur. Then commenced the difficulties and reverses, to understand which we must take note of the political situation.

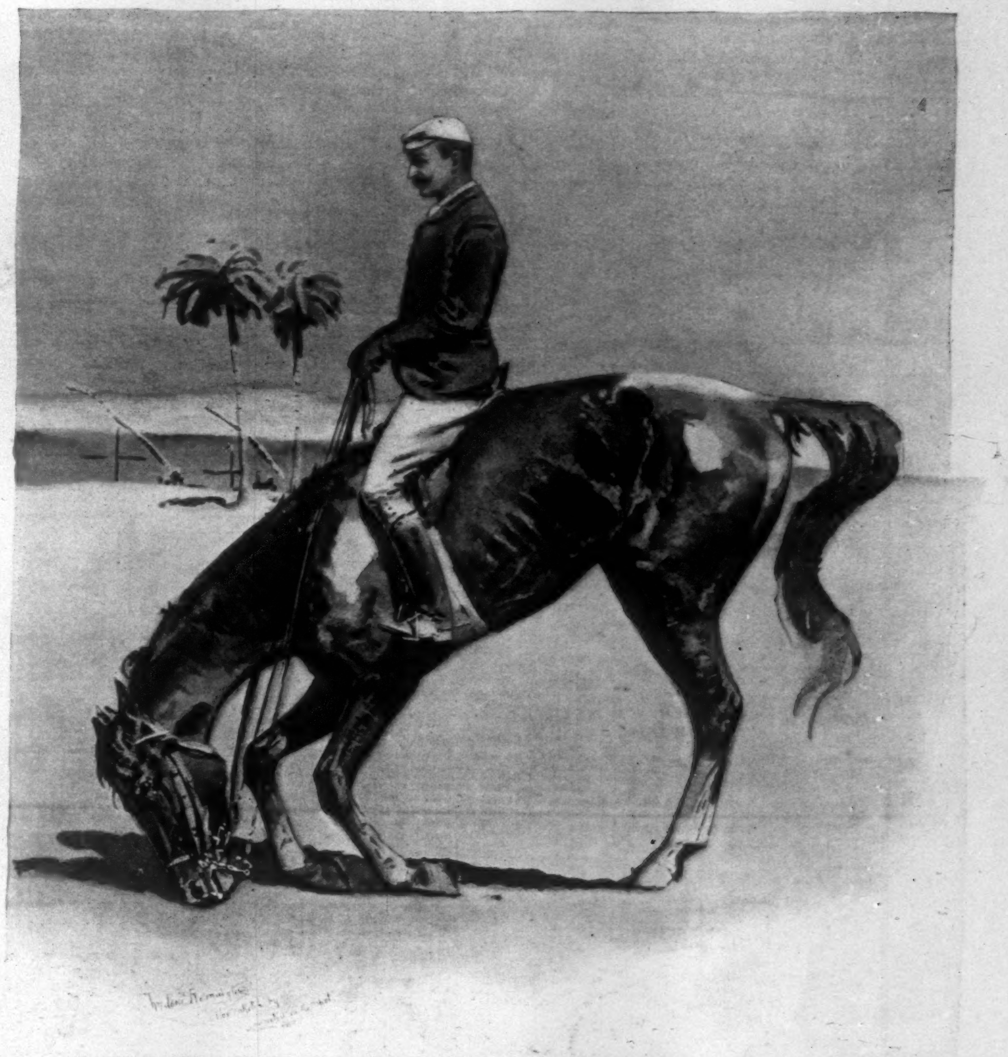
For more than sixty years the Turks and Egyptians had held the Sudan. From Darfur, in the extreme west, to Abyssinia in the east, and as far south as Equatoria, roughly speaking, their sway extended. Military and trading posts had been established, the roads were comparatively safe for travel, foreign missionaries were at their work, and to enthusiasts it seemed that the Sudan would be the starting-point for civilizing and Christianizing the whole continent. To the gods it seemed otherwise. Two grave mistakes had been made: taxation was both excessive and inequitable, and the slave trade (the very spice of African life, the very savor of salt to it, and the zest in its every enterprise) was discouraged. Well, there was no question about the discontent that this impolicy had aroused. Discontent was patent and almost universal; there were stormy outbreaks from time to time, but there was no storm centre. The Sudanese are Arabs and Blacks belonging to many tribes and nations, living as though still in pages of the Old Testament or the *Arabian Nights*, without a single modern idea of co-operation or confederation.

Such was the state of things that made an opportunity for Mohammed Ahmed, a religious sheik, who styled himself the *Mahdi*—Prophet of God, next to Mohammed; in all history the most important person but one. "I destroy this world, and I construct the world to come," said the Mahdi; and again, in conversation, "Drink of the river of my words, and that will be of inestimable benefit to you." Self-confident, virile, magnetic, this Mohammed Ahmed imposed himself upon the people; an obsession put in place of an oppression. A mighty wave of fanaticism gathered, black, combing with religious frenzy. He preached a doctrine the people could understand, and he promised their hearts' desire. Certain irksome restraints were enjoined, it is true; tobacco and alcoholic drinks were forbidden; but he did not scrutinize like a Pharisee nor practise too righteously. In private life he and his officers allowed themselves every excess, and the pet weakness of the Sudanese, far from being restrained, was encouraged by precept and example. And he proclaimed a holy war.

Slatin implies that Abdullahi, the Khalifa, next in authority and in order of succession, the present ruler of the Dervishes, suggested the foregoing programme to Ahmed. Be that as it may, the two men acted in concert, moving westward from the Gezira (the district wedged between the Blue and the White Niles—the first stronghold of Mahdism), and completely mastered Kordofan, the province lying east of Darfur.

Thus Slatin found communication with Egypt cut off. But that was the only avenue of intercourse with the outside world. On every side were novel dangers, and he stood alone, the solitary European in a foreign country, and in the midst of an intriguing and hostile population. As he himself says, "For four years I struggled alone to uphold the government's authority in the province which had been intrusted to my care against the great fanatical movement." His sense of his duty to his employers seems to have been uncommonly lively: *anything* to maintain the government's authority; *anything* to lessen hostility to himself as the government's representative! So he openly professed himself a Mohammedan, on being assured that his subjects objected to his faith. Anything and everything would be justified, he believed, if only it would enable him to hold out until the arrival of Hicks Pasha's relief expedition. Ten thousand men in an enormous square, with six thousand camels crowded inside the human quadrangle, were advancing from the Nile, offering such a liberal target that no Sudanese rifle could miss its mark. That was the only hope, and it utterly failed; the army was annihilated. The story of the awful blunder was told by one who seated himself on the edge of Slatin's carpet, lest he should soil it with his blood. And then Slatin surrendered (December, 1883).

Captivity, with its tiresome lesson of obedience and patience, with the poor consolation that "he who lives long sees much," was the next phase of this strange experience.



SLATIN PASHA AND HIS PERFORMING HORSE, PLUM PUDDING.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.
A curiously marked red roan, with a white face, white patch on the shoulders, and white stockings.

Slatin put on a *jibba* covered with patches, took the oath of allegiance to the Mahdi, and, to prove himself a zealous convert, made a practice of going through his prayers most carefully in the sight of the bystanders, holding in his hand the rosary which all good Mohammedans carry; but in reality he was repeating over and over again the Lord's prayer. A neck-chain was bestowed upon him—but not for purposes of adornment, nor to be laid aside at will. It contained eighty-three links, each a span long. He would wrap it around his body, and in this iron casing (if it became necessary to move him from one camp to another) he was lifted on a donkey, and held in position by a man on each side; otherwise the weight would have made him overbalance and fall.

Meantime Gordon had been besieged in Khartum, offering such resistance as was possible when the garrison was disaffected or half won over to the new Prophet of God. The town was carried by assault on the 26th of January, 1885; and to prove to Slatin the full extent of this calamity by a single argument, three black soldiers, with insulting gestures, brought Gordon's head wrapped in a cloth. El Mahdi also died within the year.

The discovery was made that Slatin had hoped to escape and aid his general; so he, and a number of slaves who were under sentence for having murdered their masters, were bound together by a long chain passing around their feet and fastened to the trunk of a tree. But after a term of such imprisonment it occurred to the Khalifa, who had succeeded to the Mahdi's power, that he was denying himself a rare pleasure; for he had only to make Slatin a member of his own household in order to emphasize his conquest. He would then be able to point to the European with the remark: "This man was once a high official of the government. He is now my slave." Therefore Slatin became a member of the Khalifa's household, and stood at his master's door in sunshine and in rain, or walked barefooted beside his master's horse, and attended five prayers daily at the mosque in Omdurman; and when he had found favor through diplomatic flattery, the Khalifa would send, as his reward, ugly black wives, whom Slatin would pass on to his servants—and then somehow contrive to support his increasing family of dependents on a beggarly and uncertain pittance. Finally the Khalifa's cousin was offered in marriage, and Slatin had the courage to refuse her. Servitude more galling could not be imagined. When news came of his mother's death in Austria, and Slatin communicated this to his master, the latter said, "Your mother cannot expect God's mercy," being nothing but a Christian.

There was little relief if he turned his eyes outward. In the country along and between the White and Blue Niles misgovernment by the tyrant of the Dervishes was productive of disasters, and then grim famine. There were terrible months at the close of 1889, when horrors came tumbling over each other in their eagerness to shock and to distress. "On one occasion," Slatin says, "I remember seeing a man who had seized a bit of tallow, and had crammed it into his mouth before its owner could stop him. The latter jumped at his throat, closed his hands round it, and pressed it till the man's eyes protruded; but he kept his mouth tightly closed until he fell down insensible...." Again: "One night—it was full moon—I was going home, when I saw something moving on the ground, and went near. As I approached I saw three almost naked women, with their long tangled hair hanging about their shoulders. They were squatting round a young donkey, which was lying on the ground. They had torn open its body with their teeth, and were devouring its intestines while the poor animal was still breathing. Infuriated by hunger, they gazed at me like maniacs...." And again: "A woman of the Jaalin (who are perhaps the most moral tribe in the Sudan), accompanied by her only daughter, a lovely young girl, dragged herself wearily to my house; both were at death's door from starvation. The woman said, 'Take this, my only daughter, as your slave; save her from death by starvation!' and as she said this the tears streamed down her poor wan cheeks.... Another woman was accused of eating her own child. Every day the waters of the Blue and White Niles swept past Omdurman hundreds of bodies of the wretched peasants who had died along the banks. Several fathers of families bricked up the doors of their houses, and, united with their children, calmly awaited death.... After a time no one dared to go out into the streets without an armed escort, for they feared being attacked and eaten up; the inhabitants had become animals—cannibals!"

There are no weak regrets, there is no self-pity, in Slatin's narrative of these events, of these sufferings. An experience that would have corrupted a less robust nature has apparently left his moral fibre sound. He speaks out heartily, with the most earnest conviction, and therefore with power to convince. The Khalifa's despotic grasp is weakening; he cannot hold the Sudan much longer; some civilized state *must* take it in hand—thus Slatin reasons; and he adds a few very significant considerations, which, in my mind, fall into an argumentative form, somewhat as follows:

The prosperity of Egypt depends upon an undiminished supply of water in its great river; but any civilized power occupying the land bordering upon the White and Blue Niles would undoubtedly *derive* from those streams for irrigating purposes, and in so doing would imperil Egyptian agriculture. Therefore the power that holds Egypt should hold the Sudan also.

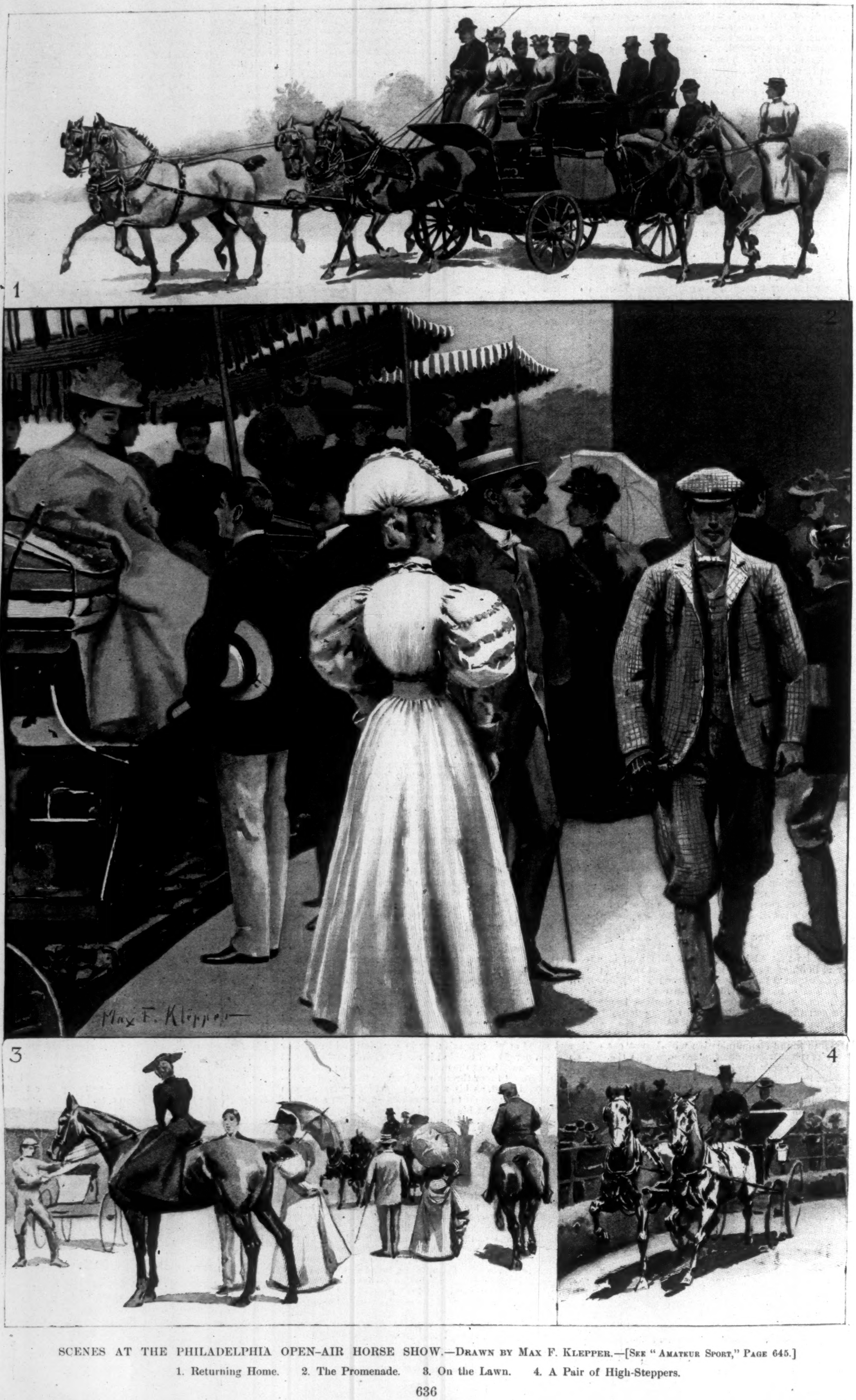
Now it is just possible that this argument proves too much, for the miles and leagues between Alexandria and Victoria Nyanza are many, and the fevers between the equator and the Mediterranean are like the gods of India—at least one for each man, woman, and child. A fever carried off even the Mahdi, and a fever almost prevailed against the Khalifa. It would make a large holding, and a perilous. Moreover, a doubt may be reasonably entertained in regard to Slatin's contemptuous estimate of his cruel master, who has proved himself a man of infinite resource, if not a positive genius. But one thing is not in doubt—the intense dramatic interest of Slatin's return with the invading army.

MARRION WILCOX.

POSSESSION.

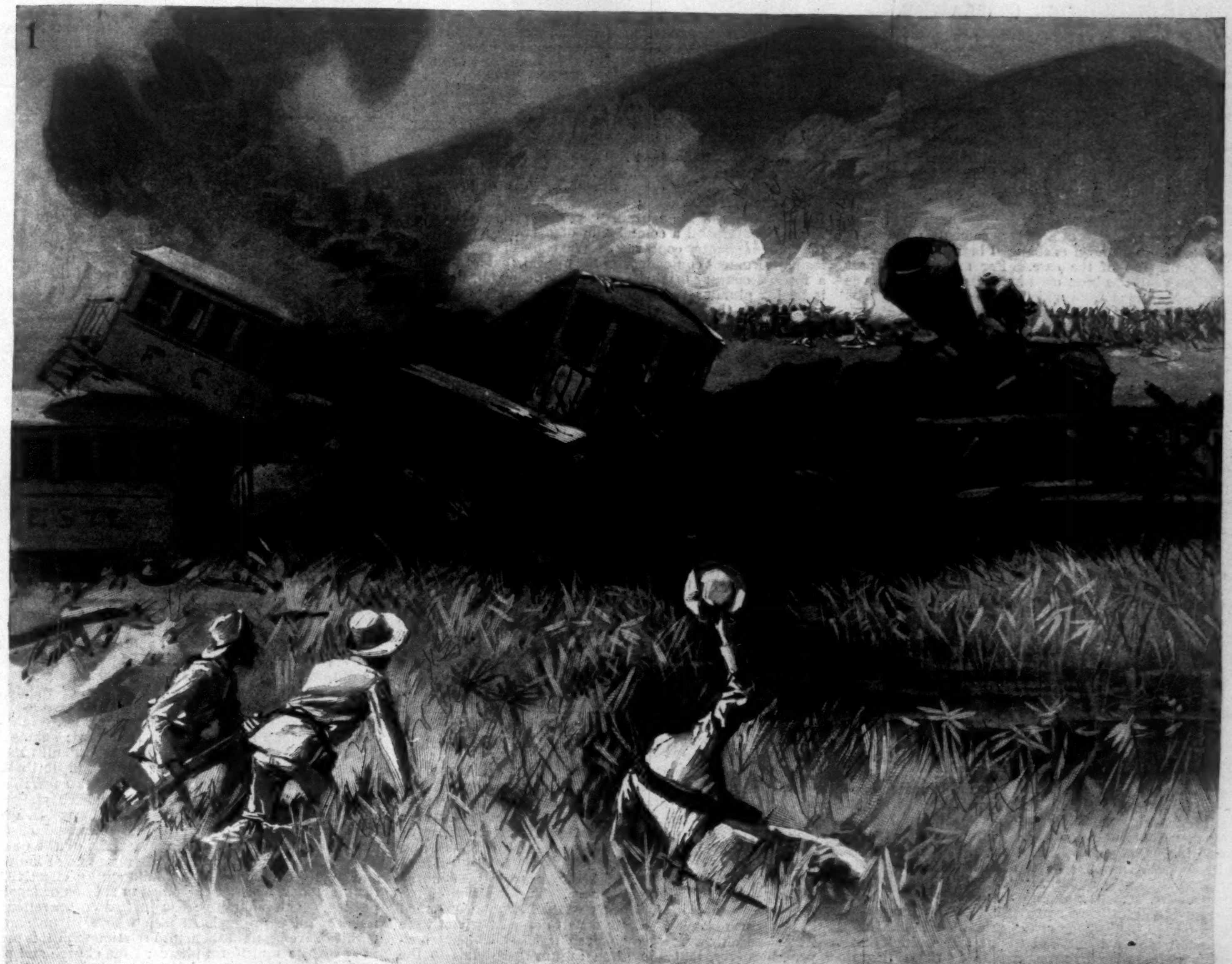
HER memory is the May's white rose
That deep in the garden of my heart
Perennial in its beauty blows,
So how can the Spring from me depart?

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



SCENES AT THE PHILADELPHIA OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT," PAGE 645.]

1. Returning Home. 2. The Promenade. 3. On the Lawn. 4. A Pair of High-Steppers.



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM SKETCHES FURNISHED BY CARLOS VALDES, A COMANDANTE IN MACEO'S ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 639.]

1. Ammunition-Train wrecked by Insurgents near Artemisa. 2. General Suárez Inclan's Column attacking the Insurgents.—Gatling Guns worked by Americans defending the Insurgent Camp.

END OF BORDER OUTLAWRY.

The last remnant of such dignity as may have attached to the alleged revolutionary movement, organized and led by the late Catarino Garza against the present administration of the Mexican government, was stripped therefrom by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, handed down March 16. The court in this decision denies the contention that these men were revolutionists and entitled to the protection of the United States government as political refugees, and holds that they were simply banditti organized for plunder, and subject to the terms of the extradition treaty now in force between the United States and Mexico.

The far-reaching effects of this decision are fully recognized by the state officials of both governments, and hearty congratulations have been exchanged between them over the final outcome of the case. For many years past United States soil has been used by renegade Mexicans as a basis of operations from which to conduct expeditions into Mexican territory, with murder, theft, rape, and arson as the object in view. The only risk run by these desperadoes was that of punishment for a violation of the neutrality laws of the United States, the maximum penalty being a fine of two thousand dollars and three years in the penitentiary. They might be indicted in Mexico, as generally has been the case, for murder, arson, and robbery, but they found a comparatively safe refuge, after completing their list of crimes, by shouting "Libre fronterizo!" and retreating to the American side of the Rio Grande. This condition exists no longer, for the fear of extradition will do more to maintain peace along the Mexican border than would the presence of a standing army of ten thousand Mexican soldiers. The Garza raid, under which head is included the subsequent attack on the village of San Ygnacio by Francisco Benavides, who held a commission as "General" from Catarino Garza, is the most formidable event of its kind of late years, and possessed a greater semblance of military organization than will be possible again to effect, owing to the fact that conditions along the border are rapidly changing for the better.

The first evidence given of the movement was September 15, 1891, when Catarino Erasmo Garza crossed the Rio Grande from Texas into the Mexican state of Tamaulipas with twenty-eight men, where he was met by Mexican troops and driven back to American soil. Garza again crossed the border November 7, 1891, with seventy men, and was attacked and routed by the Mexican troops at Derramadero de los Ovejos, recrossing to the American side November 12. The third expedition was led by "Major" Carmen Ybanez, commanding ninety-two men, and he crossed the Rio Grande December 20, attacking and plundering the village of Las Tortillas. The following day Captain Pedro Reyes, with a detachment of Mexican troops, engaged the bandits, killing six of them, and capturing a number of prisoners, who, as Minister Romero significantly remarks, "died of their wounds" a few days later. Ybanez and his men again fled to Texas soil in small and scattered squads, and finally congregated at Retamal. At this stage of the game the United States government took a hand, and troops and United States marshals were ordered to put a stop to these flagrant violations of the neutrality laws. A hot skirmish took place December 29, 1891, between the marauders on one side and the troops and marshals on the other. The bandits were defeated and demoralized, Garza himself barely escaping being taken prisoner. Papers were taken from Garza's bed, when it was still warm from his occupancy, purporting to give the strength of the "constitutional army," as he termed his organization, at eight battalions or 1200 men; but it is known that he never had assembled, even on Texas soil, more than four hundred men, and that never more than half of that number crossed the river into Mexico.

This practically ended Garza's personal connection with the movement, as he then disappeared, leaving the United States. He was afterwards reported to have joined the Cuban insurgents, and rumors of his death were received from time to time, only to be contradicted later on. It is now known positively, however, that he joined a revolutionary party in Colombia, and was killed March 8, 1895, during an attack upon the jail at Boca del Toro. "General" Francisco Benavides was his chief officer in the Texas raids, and after Garza left, Benavides continued the marauding expeditions into Mexican territory. December 10, 1892, he crossed the Rio Grande with one hundred and forty armed men, and attacked the village of San Ygnacio, at which were stationed about forty Mexican soldiers. The attack was successful. Houses and barracks were burned, fleeing villagers were shot down without mercy, and outrages of every description were committed. Captain Segura, of the Mexican troopers, was crawling out of one of the burning buildings after being severely wounded, when he was discovered by Maximo Martinez, one of the leaders of the bandits, and thrown back into the flames to perish. "Colonel" Rafael Ramirez, of the raiders, saved himself from punishment, when caught later on, by the influence he exerted at San Ygnacio in preventing a complete massacre of the inhabitants of the village and the Mexican soldiers who were taken prisoners. "General" Benavides made no attempt to follow up his victory, but retreated to American soil with his plunder and prisoners, having been in Mexico but six hours all told.

This practically ended the trouble so far as Mexico was concerned, and the subsequent events during the chase and final capture, within a few weeks, by the United States authorities, of over two hundred of the raiders, are matters familiar to the reading public. These two hundred were indicted by the United States Grand Jury, tried, and convicted of a violation of the neutrality laws, and with the exception of a few who were released for turning States' evidence, were sentenced to pay heavy fines and committed for imprisonment at hard labor for terms ranging from a few days to three years, the limit. In the mean time many of them had been indicted by the Mexican courts for murder, arson, robbery, and kidnapping, and the Mexican government, through Señor Plutarco Ornelas, consul at San Antonio, Texas, requested their extradition.

The test case came before Judge Thomas S. Maxey, of the United States District Court, on an application from three of the prisoners, Inez Ruiz, Jesus Guerra, and Juan Duque, who, having served their terms for violation of the neutrality laws, were still restrained of their liberty by the United States marshal, under a warrant issued by the United States Commissioner commanding him to hold them to await the order of the President of the United States on the application of the Mexican government for their extradition. Judge Maxey held that the prisoners were guilty of a "purely political" offence, and ordered them discharged. Ex-Associate-Justice J. H. McLeary, of San Antonio, Texas, who had represented the Mexican government from the commencement of these border troubles, was instructed to take the matter to the Supreme Court of the United States for an interpretation of the extradition treaty between the United States and Mexico, and for a final ruling upon the nature of the offence.

Judge Maxey argued in his decision that a conviction for a violation of the neutrality laws in the United States "necessarily implied a commission of a crime political in the foreign country concerned. The counsel for the Mexican government contended, on the appeal, that a raid into a foreign country originating on American soil, whether it be for plunder or for political purposes, was equally amenable to the neutrality laws, and that the preponderance of evidence was to the effect that the San Ygnacio raid was for plunder, and not an effort to advance a "purely political" cause. The result of this appeal was awaited with anxiety by the border officials of both governments, and by the thousands of peacefully inclined settlers in Southwest Texas and northern Mexico. It was unanimously agreed, should the Supreme Court uphold Judge Maxey, agitation for a new treaty with Mexico must be commenced at once—in fact, a draught of such a treaty was prepared by the Mexican officials to be submitted to the State Department at Washington. The conditions then prevailing were dangerous to Mexico and a disgrace to the American people. It had long been recognized that so long as Texas could be used as a basis of supplies by gangs of banditti operating in Mexico, the fertile Rio Grande Valley could never become inhabited by civilized communities, nor would it receive the attention of home-seekers to the extent to which it was justly entitled. The peace and dignity of Texas and Mexico were at stake.

The Supreme Court overruled Judge Maxey, and the mandate was received in Texas, April 16, to turn the prisoners over to the Mexican government. Assurances have been given that these men shall receive a fair trial, but it is generally conceded that those who were convicted of a violation of the neutrality laws of this country, and who are still within reach of the officers of the law, read their death-warrant in the recent decision of the Supreme Court. Already twelve have been rearrested pending extradition proceedings.

Custody of the person of "General" Benavides was refused to the Mexican government by the late Mr. Gresham when Secretary of State, as Benavides proved that he had become a citizen of the United States in 1848, under the terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Many of those implicated are at liberty on small bail bonds, and will probably forfeit the same; but they have no refuge now, as before, and will be caught either in this country or in Mexico in due course of time. This decision of the Supreme Court applies directly to the 140 men concerned in the San Ygnacio raid, not a half-dozen of whom were American citizens. It is believed by most eminent lawyers, however, that the same argument applies to the cases of men directly under Garza, and that a test case against a participant in the fight at Las Tortillas would result in a like decision to the one just rendered.

Garza's principal assistants were "General" Francisco Benavides, commonly called "El Tuerto" (squint eye), who served three years in an American prison for violation of the neutrality laws, and who escaped extradition on the grounds of American citizenship; "Colonel" Prudentia Gonzales, father-in-law of Benavides; "Colonel" Rafael Ramirez, whose humanity in preventing a massacre at San Ygnacio saved him a term at hard labor; "Captain" Maximo Martinez, whose cruelty gave him an unenviable notoriety; "Major" Carmen Ybanez, who served three years in an American prison with Benavides; and "Colonel" Pablo Munoz, who also wore the stripes for similar cause.

When the opinion of the Supreme Court was handed down, Minister Romero and Hon. John W. Foster, who were at Washington and took a deep interest in the case, each speaking for his own country, said that it was the most important event affecting the diplomatic relations between the United States and Mexico that had occurred for many years.

The closing scene of the Garza "revolution" will be the final crossing of the Rio Grande, doomed and in chains, of the men who crossed in 1891 armed to the teeth, and intoxicated with the prospect of unbridled license.

JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY.

ANNEXING MADAGASCAR.

The projected annexation of the island of Madagascar to France, of which it would be hereafter a pure and simple colony if the Chambers adopt the government bill to that effect, has already caused some commotion in the mercantile circles of London and New York. The Chamber of Commerce of the latter city has applied to the State Department for further information in regard to any injury which might be caused to American trade through the abrogation of the commercial treaties formerly concluded between the United States and the Hova government of Madagascar. These treaties are to be abolished, according to the declaration of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in the preamble of his bill, and French commercial interests shall be privileged. The intentions of the Paris government have already been manifested by interposing obstacles against the enterprise of an American, who has just left Madagascar and arrived at Zanzibar, after having been apprised by the British and American consuls at Tamatave that the French authorities would not allow him to proceed with a projected exploration of auriferous fields. The English government would like to work in unison with the United States in protesting against the consequences of the abrogation of the commercial treaties with Madagascar, and the Parliamentary Secretary of the Foreign Office has intimated as much in the House of Commons. But the position of the United States in regard to the present difficulty is somewhat different from that of England, for the American government has not recognized, as Germany and England did in 1890, the French protectorate over the great African island. It has therefore a better ground to stand upon, and to require that American commerce, to which was guaranteed by treaties with the Hovas the most privileged nation clause, shall stand on the same footing as French commerce.

INVESTIGATION OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

The legislative treatment of the questions involved in the "drink" habit and the business it entails has in a large majority of cases resolved itself into a mere matter of politics. Where there is evidence, in the law-making operation, of a fine and sincere public spirit, it is but too often harnessed with bigotry and narrow-mindedness. The ethical partner may be right. But if it is mated with blindness of intellect and ignorance of the web-work of sociological facts which complicate the issue, it can never run a winning race.

Research, safe to follow, is always inductive, nor can it confound synchronism with syllogism. To collect and classify the accredited facts directly and indirectly related to the liquor question, with a distinct purpose in view, without regard to partisan conviction, only seeking the truth, if ever done, has been spasmodically and imperfectly done. To do it in a sane and workmanlike fashion has been made the self-imposed task of a committee of fifteen gentlemen, who fairly represent the scholarship, professional knowledge, and sagacity in affairs, such as the United States can furnish at its best of ability and motive. The very fact that such an inquiry is making constitutes a fact of public interest. It gives promise of the data at least which should underlie the rational treatment of one of the most perplexing of all the issues which the present age has to meet.

President Seth Low, of Columbia University, is president, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner the vice-president of this committee. Associated with them are many of our most eminent college presidents and professors, some of them among the foremost as students of economics and sociology. Physicians of more than national fame and lawyers of the type of Mr. James C. Carter swell a list of thinkers and philanthropists which could not easily be matched among us. All branches of religion are represented—among Protestants, by such men as Bishop Andrews, Professor Charles H. Briggs, Dr. Washington Gladden, Bishop Potter, and Dr. Rainsford; among Catholics, by Fathers Doyle and Elliot of the Paulist Fathers; among Hebrews, by Felix Adler and Rabbi Gottheil. To all these are added such men of affairs as William E. Dodge and Colonel Jacob L. Greene, such statisticians and economists as David H. Wells and Carroll D. Wright. It is a formidable catalogue of names, and ensures a many-sided view of all the complexities of the question. This will be a contribution to the resources of knowledge and suggestion from which should spring effective practical methods, whether embodied in suasion or legal compulsion. The committee has invited co-operation from representative professional men whose labors and sympathies have brought them into relation with this problem in any of its multiform phases; from church and philanthropical societies, especially from those "settlements" among the lower classes which are grappling with a task of curious psychological interest; in a word, from all professed reform agencies, whether individual or collective, active in our great cities. It may be readily fancied, then, that the fruits of this research will possess value more radical than those of most previous attempts of a like nature.

The work of the committee has been very conservative. It has sought no newspaper publicity. It has, indeed, evaded any premature discussion of its objects and methods. No digest, even partial, has been given to the public, codifying the material obtained, though it is understood that this will not be withheld as soon as the work can be adequately done.

The lines of investigation, as would appear from the circular which has been issued to various organizations as a guide to observation, are eminently practical. Among these may be specially mentioned the study of the relations of the liquor problem to comforts, luxury, and pleasure. The fanatics on the question have never given due consideration to the fascination of the saloon as a social fact, to its status, indeed, as the "poor man's club," where he can obtain some relief from the stress of life and its almost hopeless pressure of daily toil in a place brightly lighted, and offering some gayety, even if it be of a boisterous kind, for the price of a glass of beer. It is more than probable, indeed, that the thirst for genial companionship contributes fully as much to the fascination of the saloon as the thirst for a more fiery stimulant. One of the ideals of a sane reform contemplates the establishment of substitutes for the liquor saloon—whether they include some element religious or educational, or aim purely at pleasure; whether they are eleemosynary or conducted on the pay principle. The colossal success of temperance saloons and clubs for the poor in England, simply as an investment to the owners, is a startling object-lesson. The committee is making a thorough study of the saloon problem from this side, and will attempt to show by its citation of facts how far these substitutes already compete with the places dealing in alcoholic drinks, and what the outlook is for their profitable extension. A second feature of this branch of the investigation is the use of beer and spirits in the homes of the poor, whether as supposed necessities, as substitutes for other comforts, or in hospitality.

Another branch of inquiry will consider the relations of the liquor question to sanitary conditions. It will investigate how far the "drink" habit comes of defective conditions, such as lack of food, bad cooking, bad ventilation or drainage, etc. In a word, anything which makes home uncomfortable or repellent will drive the poor man to his "poppy and mandragora," and it becomes the question to what extent removal of cause will modify results. The relations of stimulants and their kind to nationalities; the industrial efficiency of our composite classes as affected thereby; the connection of liquor-drinking with crime, sexual vice, and illiteracy; the practical workings of sumptuary laws in different States—the facts and statistics of all these questions will be gathered and threshed out. That this work will be fully done no one will question.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

In his note dated April 20 Señor Valdes made reference to eight *artilleros americanos* who had taken service with Maceo, and who were then in the Cuzco camp. A fortnight later he had more to say about the same adventurous persons: they had been active and efficient, it seems, in the little battle of Cacarajícara.

The hilly country fifty or sixty miles southwest of Havana—an impracticable region in itself, and strongly held—is being dotted over with battle-fields, which, if they were outlined on a map, would seem to crowd each other like the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence above Montreal. Many little islands; many little battles; and here an impression of one encounter forwarded by a participant—a sketch dated May 5, redrawn by Mr. de Thulstrup, and shown on page 637. The Cubans had the advantage in position, Señor Valdes says, and the camp was defended by three Gatling-guns "managed by American artillerymen, who bore themselves like heroes—a Mr. Watson especially distinguishing himself." The Spanish column was commanded by General Suárez Inclan. A stubborn resistance was offered, and the Spaniards charged, crying, "Viva el Rey! Viva España!" As for the result, that appears to be viewed with grim satisfaction by both parties; for a loyal paper says the fort was carried at the point of the bayonet, and that it was a "glorious" fight, whereas Valdes emphasizes the Spanish loss: a lieutenant-colonel, two lieutenants, four captains, and 187 soldiers of the line, by actual count—all of these slain, and half as many more wounded. Among the latter was a lieutenant-colonel named Navarro, who received medical attendance from the insurgents, while his companions withdrew by way of Bahía-Honda, whence they shipped their wounded to Havana.

A short distance from Artemisa (the most important point in the line of the Trocha) the railway (Ferrocarríl del Oeste) passes over a little bridge, or trestle-work; and at that point the insurgents' dynamite wrecked a train that was carrying ammunition, etc., to General Inclan. This disaster forms the subject of the first drawing on page 637. Thirty-five of the troops who were in the armored car were killed, and all of the military stores came into the possession of the Cubans. The noise of the explosion was heard in Artemisa; a company of volunteers sallied forth; there was a brush between *Quintos* and *Criollos;* then the latter withdrew, as usual, retreating to their western fastnesses. In lieu of all emotional comment Valdes concludes: "We took 150 rifles and 22,000 cartridges. The heat continues to be intense, and it never stops raining for a single day."

This reckoning with the heat and the rains, and the probable effect of both upon an unseasoned garrison, is but a part of the terrible revolutionary programme; and those who avow this programme, relying upon it to bring ultimate success to their cause, also openly profess their faith in a faithful promise: "Blessed are the *merciful.*" They believe in the Beatitudes, but reckon with the Yellow-Jack.

And yet, of course, such blemish of cruelty implies bright contrasting traits in the characters of these contestants. There is a pretty sharp division line between light and shade in the brilliant atmosphere of the Spanish peninsula—between the whiteness that almost blinds and the obscurity (that is almost gloom) in which you grope, coming suddenly from the other. But a still sharper line of demarcation in the temperaments of these Spanish people and these people of Spanish extraction severs the mood of peace from the mood of war. There is not a suggestion of pity in the foregoing accounts, nor in other reports received at the same time. Well, a great shadow covers the island, and these are deeds of the shadow.

M. W.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," etc.

CHAPTER LI.

MARJORIE'S GOOD-NIGHT.

EVEN as the knife fell Marjorie Kennedy sank down upon the platform of the scaffold as though the stroke had fallen upon her. I sheathed my sword, and sprang upon the slippery stage to hold her up. When I took her in my arms she was soft and pliable in all her limbs like a little child. Till now she had been like a woman of steel, or rather like one carven in alabaster, as I have said. But now she lay in my arms like a new-born babe on the nurse's lap.

We carried her, making strangely enough for some way but one procession with the bodies, which were to be buried without the wall, while the heads were to be set on the pikes of the Nether Bow.

To the Earl John's lodging we brought her, and in a room with a wide north-looking window we laid her down on a bed. Then we stood about her, Nell and I being nearest.

In a little while Marjorie turned her head to the window. The sun had risen on the sea. A north wind was blowing. All was very blue, and smacked of the freshness, for the window was open, and the sea-air blew off the firth almost as it was wont to blow in at the windows of Culzean.

Thrice she moved her lips to speak, but till the fourth time no word came.

"I have done the work appointed," she said; "I ken not if I have done right."

She paused a little, and her eyes, as she looked at the sea, were wide and wistful.

"It is a hard saying that Vengeance is His. I thought it would be sweet—sweet," she said; "but now in the mouth it is bitter."

"Hush thee, Marjorie," whispered my Nell; "it was the justice of God upon the murderers of our father."

And I thought that she spoke well.

But Marjorie waved her aside.

"Like enough," she answered, quietly, as one that has not strength enough to argue, but holds the contrary opinion. "Done is my task. I go to take my wages. Fare you well."

She turned her face a little outward so that she could see the sea and the three Fife domonds.

"A dearer shore," she said, softly, and then she started a little quickly.

"Where am I?" she asked.

But ere we could answer, even Nell, who stood beside her and stroked her brow with a soft hand, she went on:

"Oh, what am I saying? Do I not mind our garden at Culzean, with its rose walks and the sweet dreaming scent of the sea?"

She looked up at me as it had been archly.

"Launcelot, lad," she said, "hast thou thy gage that I gave thee there? Ye thought me once to be sweet. And I liked you, laddie, I liked you, with something just an inch on the hither side of loving. But now Nelly will love thee a mile on the further side. Come you, Nell," she said, beckoning to her, "brave, sweet sister! Let not thy sharp tongue longer injure thy warm heart. Give me your hand, little sister Nelly. Where is it? I cannot see for the light."

And finding Nell's hand, she put it in mine across the bed.

"Good-night, bairns," she said, "even so keep them till the world ends."

Then for a short space she was silent, and when she spoke it was very low, so that none but Nell and I could hear. But the words made us tingle when we caught them.

"Gilbert," she said, in a whisper, loud and distinct, "is it not sweet to walk thus hand in hand on the green meadows? Are not the flowers sweet, lad of my love? Shall I sing thee a song about them? For I can sing both high and low."

Then she spoke as it had been liltingly and gladsomely.

"Gilbert, let me set this spray of the bonny birk above thine heart. Methinks it hath a strange look. I kenned not that it grew in our country-side." She broke into a lilt of song that brought the tears hasting to our eyes.

"Gilbert, Gilbert," she said, lovingly, like one that is caressed, "is not this winsome? That we are walking here together on the living green—with all our fashes, all our troubles left quite behind us? There was something that wearied us, something that parted us and twained us. I cannot mind what it was. But, love of mine, it shall separate us no more for ever and ever!" Her voice had almost gone. But once again it came, louder.

"Keep my hand, Gilbert," she said, trembling a little, "there is a mist coming up over the green—a cold, cold mist from the sea. But keep thou my hand, dear love; clasp it tighter, and it will pass over."

I saw the sweat break on her brow.

"Gilbert, Gilbert," she whispered, searching above her with her hands and opening her arms, "clasp me closer. I cannot see you, love, for the mist. I cannot feel your hand." I bent my ear. I thought she was gone from us. But, as from an infinite distance, I heard the words come to me. They were the last.

"The mist has gone by, dear love! The mist has quite gone by!"

CHAPTER LII.

HOME-COMING.

The snows of another winter had fallen, frozen, and lain long ere they were at last whisked away by the winds of a brisk and bitter March. It was now again the spring-time upon the face of the earth—the time of the singing of the mavis, of the sweet piping of the blackbird on the tree. The flowers were green, too, over the unforgotten grave of our Marjorie. And we who loved her had won to a memory that was not now wholly sorrow. Specially we minded on the sweet and profitable end she had made, when, after many days of bitter winter in her heart, forgiveness and love unsealed her bosom.

It had been a long winter for us all, because it behoved that I should go to London, there to be made one of the King's new Baronets. For I had told all the tale to the King, being so charged by the Earl John.

"Yet," said he, "keep ever your thumb upon the matter of the Treasure of Kelwood. And I will keep mine upon Currie, the laird thereof."

And so he did, and for his sake chiefly, he set to mending and patching our old tower of defence on Craig Ailsa, and there he gave one Hamilton the charge of him, together with John Dick, the traitor, and two or three more.

"It was a fine, quiet place," said the Earl John, "and would give them time and opportunity for repentance—which," added he, "seems more than I am likely to get with all this business on hand."

For the Earl John was now waxen one of the greatest men in all Scotland, and withal he had all the power worth considering in the shire of Ayr. So that even the Crawfords, wanting now their ancient chief, and broken up with bickerings among themselves, sent an embassy of peace to him.

It chanced that it came in when the Earl was in a good humor.

"Ah, John Crawford," said Cassillis, "'tis a changed day since Bargany and you chased us off Skeldo Haughs. It looks as if the sow had not been flitted that far after all. But ye shall have the peace ye ask. For we live under a gracious King, that loves peace as much as when he lived here in our kindly North. And he is now the better able to enforce it. Therefore, look ye to it. I will maintain you Crawfords in your heritages of Kerse, which, by my power as Bailzie, I might legally declare forfeit. But I will tell ye what ye must do in return. Ye shall render place and precedence at kirk and market. Ye shall bigg up your door in Dalrymple Kirk, and ye shall abide from taking your places there till ye have seen me seated."

So, dourly enough, the Crawfords agreed. For, indeed, they could make no better of it, so great a man was our Earl grown.

But to me he was ever kind, and none so ill-given when it liked him. For he said, "Build your bonny house of Palgowan and I will plenish for you, and that not meanly. And you and my cousin Nell shall rear me lusty knaves to protect my southwestern marches and keep down the reivers of the Dudgeon," which, indeed, I was right willing to promise.

So it came that he would have it that our wedding must be held in the ancient strength of Cassillis, which sits by the water-side, not so far from the town of Ayr. And a bonny, well-sheltered place it is, not like Culzean, which stands blustering on the sea brink, overfrowning all. And because the Earl of Cassillis said it so it was bound to be. For he was our Nell's guardian, and besides we that were to live under him were none the worse of keeping in with him.

When I went to do my courting as often as not I found my Nell walking with him, and ofttimes flouting him. And when I would have cautioned her, "Tut," she said, "he likes nothing better. If his own wife flouted him he might stay better at home."

"Cousin," Nell would say—"cousin John, ye think ye are such a great man, yet a little musket-ball or a woman's little bodkin would let all thy greatness out. Ye should think oftener on that."

"What, Nell," said he, "is it that the hour of thy marriage grows so near that thou must test thy preaching on me? Keep the proof of it for thine own goodman."

"Ah," said she, "perchance my cousin, the noble Countess, has already given thee thy fill of it."

"Thou art a forward chit," said he, wringing her ear between his finger and thumb. "I hope Launce will swinge thee tightly with a rod-knotty birch for thy naughtiness."

It was a notable day when we were married. All the morning my heart was beating a fine tune, lest something should happen ere I got my lass carried off to our home. Alone I rode from the Cove of Culzean to the house of Cassillis. I started brave and early. And my good old horse Dom Nicholas rode for once the right road and the ready, the gait that I longed to go. I had a coat of blue silk upon me, belted about the waist with the King's belt, and the King's order of knighthood upon my breast. Silver-buttoned was my coat, and of solid silver, too, were the accoutrements of Dom Nicholas, ay, to the very stirrups and the broidery on his blue saddle-cloth. I wore the Earl's sword, his first gift, swinging at my side. And as Dom Nicholas and I went through Maybole, wot ye if we kept our heads up. For the lassies ran out in clouds to watch us past, and what was even better, the lads sulked and turned their backs, saying that they would be shamed to lay a leg across a horses's back thus apparelled; for I knew well what they were thinking. Had I been trudging afoot in hodden, and they riding by all in silk, with a gold-hilted sword, that is just what I should have said. So the black envy eating in their hearts and lowering on their brows cheered me like old French wine on a cold day.

I had not gone far across the bent when I saw a cavalcade before me. It was the men of Culzean, whom I had often led in battle, come to give me a gay sending off. And at their head rode James (now the heir), mirthful Sandy, and my own little Davie, dressed like a page boy in satin of blue and gold.

They gave me boisterous welcome, and they that dared would have broken many jests of the time-honored sort upon my head. But on such a day a lover's head is helmeted alike against the hand of war and the strife of tongues.

The Earl met us at Cassillis Yett. Whereupon I dismounted and bent upon a knee; he raised me right courteously and led me within, conversing all the while as to an equal. Such a repair of folk I never saw in all Carrick or Kyle. And sweetest of all to me it was to see my father, for my mother had bidden at home to welcome us when we should ride southward.

And among the first that came to bid me welcome were Robert Harburgh and his wife. Now when the eyes of my ancient love crossed mine, I perceived well that there was wickedness lurking in them.

And so soon as her husband was called away on some business of the Earl's I had proof of it. For Kate Allison came near to me, and, setting her hand on the silver buttons of my coat as though to pick a thread, she said:

"Launcelot—or, I should say, Sir Launcelot—is it come to this? You see that there be none so distasteful, but in time their fall will come."

"Nay, Kate," I made answer, "it was not I that was disdainful. For do you mind who it was that told me certain plain truths in the Grieve's house at Culzean?"

"Ah, Launce!" said Kate Allison, "own it now. Was not I a kind leech to bite one I love so healthily for his good and for the cooling of his blood?"

"Kate Allison," said I, "thou wast ever a minx, a teasing rogue of rogues. But thy disdain might have gone near to costing me my life!"

"Go to, Sir Want-wit," she said. "Did not I know all the time that thy love for me was no more than a boy's fondness for kissing comfits and to be made of by a bonny lass? Why, thou wast fonder of Nell's little finger than of my whole body."

I knew that Kate spoke true, for, indeed, it was many months since I had so much as thought upon her. But this I told her not. The Lord knows how seldom she had thought upon me. But when they meet together, old sweethearts take pleasure thus in dallying with the past, when all wounds have been healed and no hearts broken.

But she saw my eyes wandering, as I guess, every way about, and she must needs tease me about that.

"Nay," she said, "you will not see your posy till she comes in to the minister and you. So e'en content ye for a little with an old married wife and the mother of a family. Ye shall have time and to spare with your bonny bride."

"Kate," I said, "ye will be my friend as of yore."

"Ay, and hold my tongue," said she, quickly.

"That you did not always, then," said I, "for there never was such a love-making in the world, as with your telltongue ye made mine. I dared not lay my tongue to a tender word or so much as seek a favor, as it might be innocently betwixt man and maid, but it was 'That you said to Kate on such a night!' or 'Think ye that I count so little on myself as to be content with Kate Allison's cast-off sweet speeches?'"

And the pretty besom laughed. For though a married wife, she was not a whit sobered, as one might see by her eyes.

"It served you right," said she, "but do me some justice. Did you ever hear of my telling of the fair at Maybole, and of our home-coming by the woodland way?"

"No," said I, curtly, for I liked not the memory specially well, and wondered that she did.

"Then," said Kate Allison, "rail no more against women's tongues. For they are like yard measures, and let out no more than likes them."

At this moment they called to me from the great door, and Kate Allison waved me off with a gay "Up and away, Sir Knight!" which pleased me more from her than a *Benedictite* from another.

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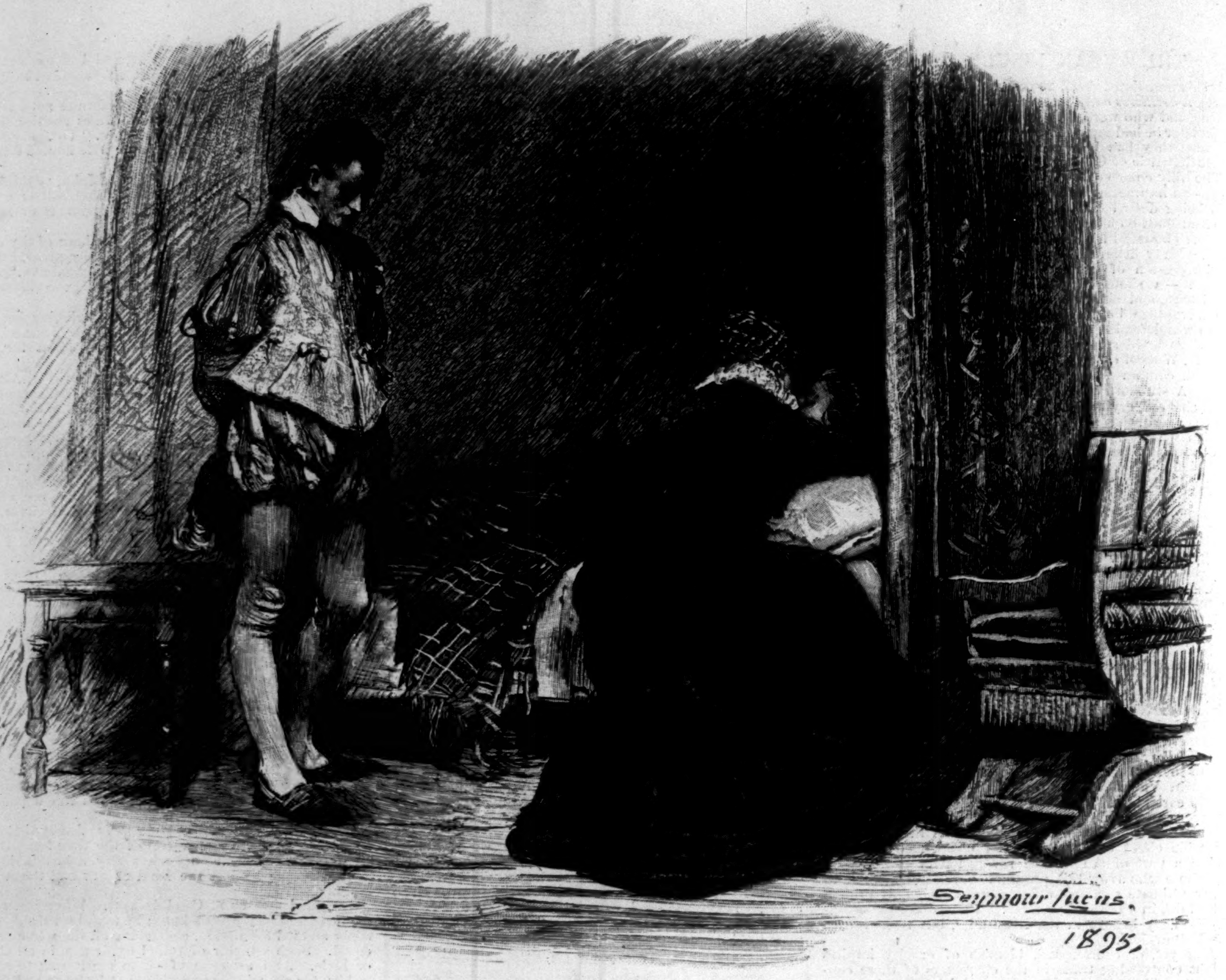
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2037.



"WE LAID HER DOWN ON A BED. THEN WE STOOD ABOUT HER, NELL AND I BEING NEAREST."

The minister had come, they said, and was waiting for me. I went in, and, lo! to my wonder, who should it be but Maister Robert Bruce, the sequestrated minister of Edinburgh, with whom the King had fallen out concerning the matter of the Gowrie riot.

The Earl smiled at my wonderment.

"Art thou astonished," he said, "thus to see our ancient friend in Carrick? Thinkest thou that thy marriage will not stand? Truth it will. For even King James will think twice or he bids his bishops unfrock a man that bides with me in my defenced house of Cassillis."

"Sir Launcelot," said Maister Robert Bruce, bending to me with his ancient sufficient grace and reverend dignity, "this is the happiest hour with me since I quitted my high town upon the Lone Ridge. It is true that I wander like a ghost seeking abode. But yet the King hath not bent me. Yea, though thrice I have met him in conference."

Then went the Earl out to bring in my Nell. And I listened to the minister of Edinburgh speaking. Yet for my life I could not fix my mind on a word he said. For there was a jangling as of bells in my ears, and all the pulses of my life beat together. Then knew I of a surety that none had power to touch my heart like Nell Kennedy, the lass that would not need to change her name.

At last the door opened and she entered. Leaning on the Earl's arm she came. There was a rim of gold about her hair like a coronet. And when John of Cassillis bent over to me, as he gave her into my hand, "Take her," he said. "I had set a coronet about her brows for to-day. She is in haste to be wed, or I might have put a real one there. And what had Sir Launcelot done then, poor thing?"

And I think the cold, tall John was more than fond of our Nell, concerning which I often rally her now.

So Nell and I were married. And as though he had known her and her teasing temper, Maister Robert Bruce paused long on the word "obey" when he came to put the questions to her, and also upon the words "obedient wife." Wherefore I have ever held him to be a man gifted above most with the second-sight.

Between the sweet hazel and the flowering may we rode south—we two alone. For Robert Harburgh had led a company of men with flower-wreathed lances and of young maids on palfreys to the cross-roads which lead to Culzean, where there met us a party with the loving-cup.

But now we were won clear, and ever as we rode we caught hands and laughed and loosed them again—all for gladness to be alone. And we looked in one another's eyes, and nigh brought us, and our horses to destruction by thus looking and overlooking—till I felt mine old Dom Nicholas, a horse that loved not philandering, grow restive and sulky under my thigh, tossing his head up as one slighted for the unworthy. And ever as we rode she charged it upon me that then and then, and at such another time, I loved her not. And ever I swear that I did. Then, being beaten on that point, she fell to declaring that she had loved me first and most, but I only reluctantly, and as it had been at second hand.

Thus we made the miles and the hours go by, ever redding up all our past life and planning our future, wondering the while if the stir and clangor of war had indeed passed away forever. For already there had come a new look upon the land. Whether with the union of the crowns and the new English wealth which made money more plenty, at any rate there had come a security to which we in the lands of Carrick had been strangers for many generations.

Then it was that the farmer set his oxen to the plough in teams of a dozen or more, not fearing any more that there would come a glint of steel-harnessed riders over the hill, who should drive his cattle before them, and leave himself lying in the furrow all a-welter in his blood.

The wind also blew sweet. It seemed that never had there been a spring like this one since the world began—never such delicatest airs as those that stirred the crisps about Nell's white neck as she bent it sideways to hearken to my speeches. I declare that were I not an unlearned Scot, who takes to his pen only when the work for the sword waxes slack, I could praise my love in similitudes of Arabian birds and ferny sprays as well as Euphues his delight, or even the gentle Sydney his Arcady.

But as it is, I waste time. For I have spoken too long, and must haste to the end. Though this is a part of my life that I could love to linger on. For what is pleasanter than sunshine after storm and the bolts of ruin?

I declare it was five years since I had had time to look at a robin. There seemed to be time for everything this May day.

And ever as we went, it seemed that we had been a long time alone, and that it would soon come time to be turning back again. Then, to whichsoever of us the thought came—that we were now on the long lane that has no turning save that which turns in at the kirk-yaird loaning—there would also come the desire to touch and to look. And even thus did Nell Kennedy often, reaching her hand across to me from her good, equal-pacing steed.

Then would she fall back on the things that had been, and which had now passed away.

"Yesterday, at such a time," she would say, "I thought that to-day would never come. And now—"

Whereupon she would look the rest.

Then I told her how I had seen the Dominie but yester-even, when she was sewing at her bridal dress and thinking of me. He had gone back after with his pipes to the school by the kirk at Maybole.

"And what said he of our wedding?" asked my dear.

"I was instant with him to come and bide at Palgowan," I made answer. "Shall I tell thee what he said?"

"Aye, tell it me indeed!" quoth she, blithely, stopping a moment on a moorish summit, with her hand above her eyes and looking to the Spear of the Merrick, towards which we rode.

"Well, then, he said that those that were newly wed had no use for carven negro heads wherein to put the ashes of their loves."

"He is none so ugly as that," said Nell, with, I think, a look at me which I took for a certain complaisance, which it pleased me to see.

Then I told her how the Dominie had added that it was not yet time for men of his profession to come about the house of a newly wedded Baronet. But that if prosperity should come to Palgowan, and the din of bairns' voices, we might ask him again in ten years or less.

"Oh!" said Nell, shortly, and rode a little further off. Yet I flattered myself that I had said that pretty well. For it was not at all in these terms that the Dominie had put the matter. Indeed, I was gravelled how more discreetly to state the matter.

So, in the long twilight of May, we came riding down Minnoch Water. For with the sunsetting we had fallen silent, and we looked no more so frankly at each other. But we turned across the water to watch for the light of my mother's candle in the window.

She heard us as we came; and there, lo! before I knew it, she was at Nelly's saddle leather, helping her to dismount, and the tears running steadily down her face. She minded the day she, too, had come a bride to the little house of Kirrieoch among the hills.

"Oh, my bairn—my bairn," was what she said, "come awa' ben!"

And it was to Nell that she said it. Me she minded no more than a cock-sparrow under the eaves. Then came Hugh out to take the horses. But I went, as was my custom, to the stable with Dom Nicholas, for he never slept well otherwise, and when I came in again I found that my mother had Nell seated by the fireside, for it is chill with us among the uplands in May. The peats were burning fine, and on the white board there was a supper set fit for a prince and princess.

But my mother never minded me at all, save to rage on me for bringing the lass so far and so fast.

"But, mother," said I, "think that if I had not made some haste all your fine supper would have been wasted else."

And, indeed, it came not far from being that as it was. For we could eat but little. The finest of muirland fare seemed somehow or other to stick by the way, tasting strangely dry and sapless. And after we had done we drew apart and looked at the red ashes, while my mother rattled on about the simple concerns of the sheep and the calves, which mountain-bred folk love both to speak and to hear about.

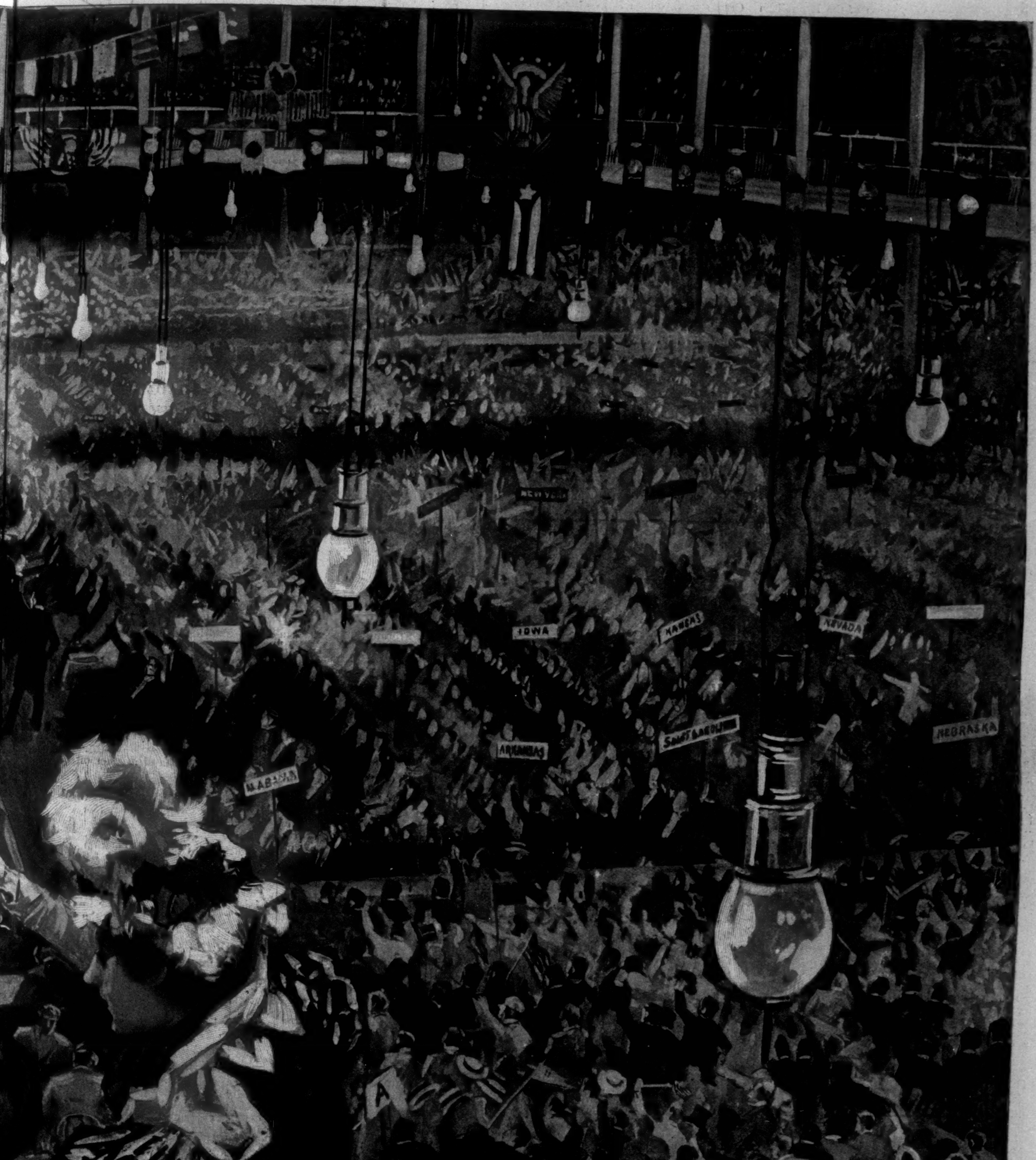
Presently she leaned over me and took down the burnt Bible out of the wall aumbry.

"Here, Launce," she said, "read ye the chapter this night ere ye sleep. It becomes a man wedded and the head of a family. Besides, your father is from home."

I had sooner have charged upon the level spears. But I had no choice, with my mother speaking as she did when I was a boy, and my Nell sitting there crossing her feet by the fireside. So I manned to read a portion. It was about Jonathan clambering up a rock (and a good soldier he was). But the prayer fairly beat me. However, ere we rose from our knees we said the Lord's Prayer all together. So to rest we went, without other word spoken. And through the little window of the room in which I was born Nell and I could hear, ere we slept, the brattle of the burn hurrying down through the peace of the hills, past our own new house of Palgowan, and on toward the silence of the outermost sea.

THE END.

THURSTON, THE


NEW YORK
IOWA
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NEVADA
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E PERMANENT CHAIRMAN, DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 642.]

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

WILLIAM McKINLEY NOMINATED ON A GOLD PLATFORM.

THE eleventh National Convention of the Republican party was held in St. Louis last week, beginning on Tuesday morning, June 16. It nominated William McKinley, of Ohio, for President, and Garret Augustus Hobart, of New Jersey, for Vice-President, on a platform the financial plank of which reads as follows:

> MONEY.
>
> "The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of the law providing for the resumption of specie payments in 1879; since then every dollar has been as good as gold.
>
> "We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are therefore opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote, and until such agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard must be preserved. All our silver and paper currency must be maintained at parity with gold, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolably the obligations of the United States, and all our money, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth."

The nomination of McKinley was conceded by most observers before the convention met, although Mr. Platt, the author of Morton's canvass, Mr. Manley, who directed Speaker Reed's, and Mr. Clarkson, who had Senator Allison's in charge, refused to withdraw their candidates. Senator Quay, who was his own candidate and manager in one, admitted some weeks ago, in a published interview, that it would be impossible to defeat McKinley's nomination, but joined the other members of the anti-McKinley combination in carrying out the whole programme arranged between them.

Aside from the usual controversy over contested seats, the convention was disturbed by few open quarrels. The sharpest struggle took place before the chairman's gavel called the first session to order. It was over the treatment of the currency question in the platform. The delegates, when they began to arrive on the ground, were found to be divided between three opinions. A handful of men representing the mining States of the Pacific slope demanded a resolution in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver; they had no hope of carrying their point, but insisted that the convention should at least be honest, and declare with no uncertain voice for either their policy or the opposite extreme. A much larger element, recruited chiefly from the North Atlantic States, was resolved that the platform should not only condemn the free coinage of silver, but also declare unequivocally in favor of the maintenance of the gold standard in the currency and in the payment of the public debt. The largest group of all, hailing, as a rule, from the middle West, advised a compromise, which, while calling for "sound money" and "the existing standard," should avoid defining either phrase, but leave each voter to draw his own inferences. The compromisers explained their position by saying that in the present excited state of popular feeling on the silver question it seemed impolitic to make use of any phraseology which might needlessly alarm the ignorant voter, in whose mind demagogues had conjured up a horror of the word "gold" by associating with it ideas of tyrannical combinations of capital, unlawful exactions of helpless debtors, the oppression of labor, reduction of wages, British domination, and panics manufactured to order.

In this condition matters stood in St. Louis till Friday, June 12, when H. H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, an ardent supporter of McKinley's candidacy, but a stanch gold man, put in a day of hard work among the delegates whom he could reach, and especially with Marcus A. Hanna, of Ohio, the active manager of the McKinley canvass. Called back to Chicago in the evening, Mr. Kohlsaat carried with him Mr. Hanna's assurance that if it could be positively proved to him that a majority of the delegates wished the word "gold" to go into the platform, their preference should not be opposed by the McKinley interest. His own opinion, however, was that a strong resolution in favor of a protective tariff, and of making that the main issue of the campaign, accompanied by one borrowed from the Indiana State platform condemning the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, and calling for honest money in general terms, would answer all present purposes, quieting the fears of the business world, while not frightening away the ignorant voter.

Meanwhile the leaven of the gold standard had been working among the Southern delegations, largely composed of negroes. Those whom the National Committee had recognized as entitled to seats in the convention had for the most part come to St. Louis under instructions to vote for the nomination of McKinley, but without pledges as to any feature of the platform. On reaching their destination they discovered, in the unexpected controversy over the currency resolution, an opening to make their importance felt in the convention, and the faction which obviously most needed their aid, was that which favored an unequivocal declaration for gold. The New York and New England delegates, who were earliest on the ground, had succeeded in impressing them with this idea, when the full Massachusetts delegation arrived, and, after a quick survey of the situation, organized a campaign very much like that of the Anti-Snap Democrats at Chicago four years ago. The Massachusetts men looked well, talked well, and were thoroughly in earnest. They divided into committees of two, and paid informal visits to the headquarters of those State delegations whose attitude was still in doubt. They gathered the colored delegates from the South and gave them the use of a large and pleasant parlor for a caucus in which to discuss fully and freely the stand they should take. In every way the Massachusetts men worked as men work only when they know they have a just cause which must win in the end. Before nightfall on Monday they had the compromisers in full retreat; and on Tuesday morning Senator Lodge, who had been chosen to represent Massachusetts on the Committee on Resolutions, had a final interview with Mr. Hanna, who made a candid surrender, and approved a resolution couched in the terms afterward reported to and adopted by the convention.

No sooner had the news of the triumph of the gold standard spread generally among the delegates than a new spirit seemed to seize them. Their preliminary canvasses and discussions had been rather apathetic, doubtless due to the fact that the subject which is usually most interesting at these gatherings—the choice of a candidate for President—had been settled beyond doubt so long in advance; but the victory for honesty and plain speaking had the effect of making every one enthusiastic. The moral side of the question, fortunately, had been the one most strongly presented to the doubtful delegates. Great stress had been laid on the need of rallying the Republican party to the support of the country's credit, and repeating the great stroke of twenty years before, when the greenback mania filled the same place in the popular mind that the silver mania fills to-day. That the United States should not only pay their debts, but pay them in the best coin the world knows, was the argument set forth at the start; and when this was met with a reminder that the financial history of the country proved honesty to be the American policy, the gold-standard advocates demanded, "Then why not say so in the boldest language possible, so as to make the issue absolute between our party and the enemy?" It was this line of reasoning which finally won over the doubters, and infused into them the spirit that used to animate the Republican party in the old days when it had great moral principles to fight for.

The nomination for Vice-President turned on the question of availability. Mr. Morton was for a time the most formidable candidate for this place, but his published refusal to take the nomination, the incessant quarrels within the New York delegation, culminating in Mr. Warner Miller's threat to make a public protest in the name of the Republicans of New York in case Mr. Morton's name was offered, caused many who would most willingly have supported Mr. Morton to look elsewhere for a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Hobart was then taken because he was the choice of Hanna and of most of Mr. McKinley's adherents. Moreover, he had the greatest organized strength, which told with all the greater force because the convention was in haste to adjourn.

This outcome of the convention means, if it means anything, that a campaign of uncommon vigor is to be waged this fall. Among the members of Congress who attended the convention were a few who refused to be reconciled to the currency resolution. They pleaded piteously that the position taken by the party would cost them their seats; but not one was heard to solace himself with the suggestion that his district convention could set him right with his constituents by adopting a weak platform for local use. It seemed to be accepted on all sides that the utterance of the National Convention was final, that it must be accepted everywhere, and that it marked the lines on which the Congressional as well as the Presidential campaign must be conducted. The only comfort which the weak-kneed brethren could find anywhere was in the reference to the possibility of an international agreement for the free coinage of silver, but the contingency was admitted to be too remote to do much good. Bearing in mind all these things, as well as the refusal of the representatives of the mining States to accept any more pleasant but insincere verbal sops, it looks as if the day of "deals" and makeshifts concerning silver were about over. The Republican party seems to realize that its hope for a new lease of power rests wholly upon its winning the fight it has now on its hands, and making its warfare so relentless that the cheap-money heresy will be driven into hiding for another twenty years.

If his party is victorious at the polls, will McKinley stand firmly on the platform it has put under him? His nearest friends, even those who at first opposed forcing the gold issue into his canvass, declare unhesitatingly that he will. He would be a dull scholar, surely, if he had not learned at least a few lessons from experience. One of these is his limited acquaintance with the laws of finance. As a member of Congress, and as a stump-orator in campaigns, he has cared little for the underlying principles of the currency question, contenting himself with playing the part of an attorney with a political party for a client. As President he will be compelled to take a different attitude, and heed the advice of the ablest cabinet he can draw about him. In his choice of a financial adviser he will probably be assisted by Mr. Hanna, who is himself a heavy capitalist and a shrewd man of business, with everything at stake on a national policy which will insure the maintenance of the public credit and the gold standard.

Looking back upon the convention as a whole, three facts stand out to make it memorable. First, it dealt the Platt-Quay-Clarkson-Manley Presidential Trust a mortal blow; and to the extent that the choice of McKinley showed the power of public sentiment—no matter whether wise or foolish, spontaneous or manufactured—to overcome the most powerful combination of party bosses ever formed, the nation may be congratulated on it. In the second place, the convention was notable for its utter lack of enthusiasm over the personality of the leading candidate; instead, there was an irresistible infatuation with an economic idea which he was regarded as typifying. The convention had, in fact, no dramatic feature except the reading of the protest of free-silverites, signed by Senators Teller, Dubois, Cannon, and Pettigrew, Representative Hartman, of Montana, and A. C. Cleveland, of Nevada, all of whom, with seventeen others, walked out of the convention. Finally, the convention presented the astonishing spectacle of the nomination of a candidate for President because his name was associated in history with one economic question, and the adoption of a platform which makes a wholly different question the chief issue of the campaign.

The inability of the Presidential Trust to nominate Blaine at Minneapolis four years ago damaged its prestige, but did not crush its spirit; for it was able to explain its defeat by saying that the candidate it was opposing was a President in office, with a three years' record of patronage bestowed, and nearly another year in which to reward those delegates who should show themselves especially worthy of his favor. On that occasion the Trust concentrated its energies upon the cause of one candidate; this year it went through the form of supporting four "favorite sons," with the purpose of uniting later upon that one who should develop the greatest strength before the final roll-call. Unfortunately for its programme, three of its candidates were in Congress, engaged in the perilous business of law-making; and when President Cleveland sent in his message urging legislation to sustain the public credit, these gentlemen saw an opportunity for a stroke of political finesse. Instead of taking the President at his word, and trying to pass a bill to authorize the issue of low-rate gold bonds at the discretion of the administration when necessary to replenish the Treasury's redemption fund—a measure which would have placed them before the country on a high plane of statesmanlike patriotism—Speaker Reed put through the House, and Messrs. Allison and Quay pressed upon the Senate, two "popgun" bills, one proposing a horizontal increase of the tariff, together with a protective schedule avowedly borrowed from the McKinley law of 1890, and the other a temporary palliative, authorizing the issue of emergency certificates to keep the Treasury in funds for running expenses till the protective enactment should begin to bear fruit. Neither bill became law; nobody who knew the general temper of the Senate imagined that either would pass that body. But Republicans all over the country took their cue from the incident, and carried the argument a step further. "Here," said they, "are a group of eminent Republicans, each ambitious to be President himself. In spite of all their other differences, they agree in opinion that the one thing needful is more protection for domestic industries. Very well; if they recommend to us one dose of Dr. McKinley's medicine for temporary relief, why not take his whole pharmacopœia at once, and effect a permanent cure?"

From that hour the McKinley movement grew in strength till it became resistless. The whole party went down before it. McKinley's personality, respectable but non-magnetic, had nothing to do with it. The name was everything, the man nothing. The very fact that the McKinley law had been condemned in 1890, and put to death four years later, gave it a heroic sanctity in the minds of the zealous reconverts.

To the misdirected policy of his most dangerous rivals, then, Mr. McKinley owes his victory in the national convention of his own party. It remains to be seen whether he may thank the headlong folly of the opposing party for a still more momentous victory at the polls.

F. E. LEUPP.

IMMIGRATION IN CANADA.

THE active measures of the Dominion government to attract immigration to Canada are in strange contrast to the numerous laws passed by Congress during the last twelve years to restrict and regulate immigration to the United States. In view of the large appropriations made, for many years previously, by the Immigration Department, the last Canadian census was full of disquieting figures. There has, however, been no break in the policy of the Dominion government as to immigration. The expenditure still goes on at the rate of $200,000 a year. Agents of Canada are at work in the States south of the border-line, and in most of the countries of Europe.

For nearly ten years past there have been laws in this country prohibiting steamship companies or their agents from glorifying the United States as a field for emigration. All that a steamship line is permitted to do is to advertise the port and day of the sailings of its steamers. Any attempt to stimulate emigration by lectures, by canvassing, or by the circulation of literature is checked through the American consuls, and if persisted in would bring the representatives of the companies into conflict with the Federal officers at the emigration port.

On the part of the Canadian government, on the other hand, every means is taken to glorify Canada in Europe as a field for immigration. No government uses printing-ink more prodigally than Canada in putting forward statements and views which it desires made public, and a great part of its enormous outlay on printer's ink is charged against the Immigration Department. Tons of immigration literature, printed in all the languages of Europe, are sent out under the auspices of the department. Almost anything which is likely to puff Canada in Europe secures the endorsement of the department, and oftentimes is financed from its exchequer. The last report of the Auditor-General contains some examples of how this method of advertising Canada is worked. One of the items is for $500, a subvention granted to Mr. George R. Parkin to aid him in publishing in England his book on the "Great Dominion." Mr. Parkin was a lecturer for the late Imperial Federation League. Another item is for the cost of entertaining and defraying the travelling expenses of two women journalists representing a Tory paper published at Dundee, in Scotland. They were in Canada to describe the country and its resources for the information of the farm people of Scotland, and their expenses, even to their washing bills, were charged to the Immigration Department.

The press, the platform, the markets and the fairs, the elementary schools, and in some cases even the pulpit, are all turned to account in Europe, especially in England, in the endeavor to divert the stream of emigration to Canada.

No country has been regarded as too small or too remote for the operations of the paid immigrant agents of the Dominion. The propaganda was carried on with great vigor even in Iceland until a little while ago. Then the officials of the government at Reikiavik, headed by the Secretary of State, and supported by the professors and students of the university and the merchants of the town, organized themselves into a whistling brigade to drown the voice of the Canadian government lecturer, and the government of the island took measures to stop the propaganda. Before the people and the government of Iceland took up this hostile attitude the agents of the Canadian government had gone the length of helping intending emigrants to sell their cattle in England in order to find money for their fares to Quebec.

The small measure of success which has attended these efforts is well known. Even Sir Charles Tupper is now becoming somewhat despondent concerning immigration from England. In the last of his reports as High Commissioner in London he frankly admits that it is next to impossible to get English farmers to emigrate to Canada. A most significant paragraph in his report concerns prepaid passages. Prepaid passages to the United States, he points out, are sixty or seventy per cent. of the total immigrant fares, while not more than five per cent. of the immigrant fares to Canada are prepaid. "This," he adds, "is the best class of immigration we could possibly get"; and he goes on to point out that immigrants, not long settled in the United States, mortgage the little property they have acquired to prepay the passage to the United States of friends in Europe. Canada wants farmers with capital, and farm laborers; but these people, even with a dollar and a half bonus made by the government to steamship agents, are, according to the Canadian official reports, exceedingly difficult to obtain.

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THE CITY HOUSE OF TO-DAY.

THE ready-made dwelling—built to rent—in the first half of the century in New York compares with the ready-made dwelling of to-day in the metropolis as the flail of Franklin's time compares with the modern threshing-machine. In nothing that is outside the line of the revolutionary inventions of the age has progress made such strides as it has in ministering to the comfort of those who dwell in cities. The rented house of the first half of the century was larger than it has become, but it was a mere empty box, after all—usually it was a part of a monotonous row of such boxes. Now such dwellings are tastefully designed, and an effort is made to give each an individual character. Within they are illuminated by great plate-glass windows, decorated with a liberal finish of ornamental hard-wood, fitted with sanitary safeguards in the plumbing and ventilating fixtures, and completed by modern improvements of many useful kinds. In each is a house telephone, with mouth-pieces and electric buttons in every room. The dumb-waiter of such a house reaches to the first bedroom floor, if not to the top of the building.

The mantel-pieces have cabinet tops, and are built above grate fireplaces that contain gas-logs, or false but showy fuel made of asbestos veined with perforated gas-pipes. The doors slide into the walls, so as not to take up any of the too little space in the small modern rooms. A showy china cabinet is a fixture in the breakfast-room, and a refrigerator is built in one of the walls near the kitchen. In madame's bedroom and in her parlor is a cheval-glass. An apron of iron over the kitchen-range promises to rid the house of the smells of cooking, and good draughts for the fires are guaranteed by flues of iron piping instead of brick. Wardrobes, which are really dress-closets, with great doors, are fixed in the walls, and for the clothing of men the closet drawers of old are turned into shelves fronted by doors that drop open upon hinges at the bottom thereof. The dining-room has moved up stairs into the back parlor, and is one-quarter furnished by having a pretentious sideboard built in a niche in the walls. Stationary tubs are housed in an annex of the kitchen, and the *fin de siècle* bath-room has become a beautiful chamber lined and walled with brick, ventilated by an air-shaft and skylight, and fitted with tubs and other equipments that are either porcelain-lined or made of crockery. Electric lights are distributed throughout the house, and all doors to yard and street are doubled, to save coal and the internal heat of the dwelling.

Thus the modern Cornelia is provided with what we may call fixed comforts. But she is not content with these. Therefore with the modern dwelling goes the man who keeps the street clean by an arrangement with the householders of each block. With it also goes he who attends to the furnace and rolls the ash-barrels out to the curbstone. The private watchman gives first aid to the insufficient police, or the automatic burglar-alarm stands in that relation to him.

The laundryman long ago joined the letter-carrier, butcher, milkman, grocer, and baker in their periodical visits to the basement door; and whenever madame shuts up her house—all barred and bolted and chained as it has been by the builders—she turns it over to a sort of care-taking or watchman's company. If she moves out of a house, there are companies to send packers who will bundle up her belongings with professional skill, and that will store them for her by carrying them in padded vans to fire-proof warehouses. Her rugs and carpets are now beaten by machinery, and she may hire her spring house-cleaning done precisely as she gives out her washing. Before she rents a house she may order it inspected by a private company, that will report upon the character of its construction and its plumbing, and this company also offers to proceed at law against all nuisances in otherwise nice neighborhoods. Thus has vanished the necessity for drawing water, hewing wood, keeping a cow, churning, laundering clothes, cleaning house, beating carpets, and very much of the rest of the onerous duties of housekeeping as our mothers knew it. The out-of-town reader may fancy that the latter-day metropolitan housewife now needs only to climb stairs, to sew, and to supervise the cooking of the household meals. But only a little of even this is true. She need not know a needle from a plough, and there are dwellings into which meals are now sent from the kitchens of hotels and large apartment-houses, in connection with which such dwellings are maintained.

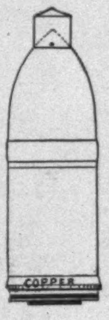
It is not useless to put on record, at the conclusion of the century, even so hasty a summary of the changes that housekeeping has undergone. It may assist the future historian in determining why we of this era have crowded into the cities, or help him to sum up the means by which the cities attracted and held the people who abandoned the farms and villages.

JULIAN RALPH.

DISCOVERY.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun,"
  The inventor oft finds to his sorrow;
And yet it's a billion to one
  They'll be issuing patents to-morrow.

TRIAL OF AN EXPERIMENTAL TURRET.



JOHNSON SHELL WITH CAP.

ORDINARILY the naval proving-grounds at Indian Head, Maryland, are interesting because of the aggregation of naval ordnance of every size and type, and instructive because of their manifest possibilities in the shape of punctured plates and heavy masses of broken steel; but the 9th of May was noteworthy because of the practical test of a duplicate of the turrets for the 13-inch guns on the *Indiana* and ships of her class.

We have built our battle-ships and housed their heavy guns in turrets of thick and hardened steel, but save by deductions from an experimental attack upon a ship's turret, made in England twenty odd years ago, we could not be sure of the action of modern ordnance against these defences. Accordingly the Bureau of Construction and Repair, at a cost of $10,000, built the turret framing. On that was set dummy armor plates of cast iron, save at the point of attack, where a Harveyized nickel-steel plate fifteen inches thick was set—the trial plate of the *Massachusetts'* turret armor; and everything being ready—*i.e.*, the turret resting on cylindrical rollers, and weighted to 425 tons, the Bureau of Ordnance for the nonce assumed the position of a foe.

Primarily, the experiment was to prove the structural sufficiency of the framing as a setting for the armor, and to predicate the consequences of shock upon the turning mechanisms; but at the same time a dog was placed inside to determine the possible effects of concussion upon a gun's crew within. Right here it may be told that the dog was taken out after the second shot unharmed but decidedly cowed.

The velocity battery by which the attack was made stands about 360 feet away from the target. The first shot, a 10-inch shell of 475 pounds, struck square and near the top, and succeeded in penetrating to a depth of

(*Continued on page 644.*)

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is a world-renowned article—beware of imitations.—[*Adv.*]

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has in use proven itself one of the greatest of factors in producing a clear, clean skin, and, therefore, a perfect complexion. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Agreeable
Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headache, Racking Colds, or Fevers.

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Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it. Permanently curing constipation and its effects.

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Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

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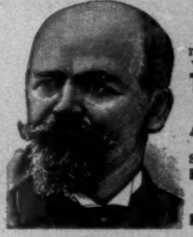

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"Miss C——, 20 years of age, was prostrated by a severe attack of **Typhoid Fever,** which was followed by **Uræmia** developing itself at the expiration of two months. The attendant symptoms were such as to excite serious apprehension, and proved wholly unamenable to the treatment indicated in the case; the patient grew gradually worse, **until I regarded her condition as hopeless.** At this time a friend of the young lady suggested the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER.** Satisfied that no injury could result from its use, I gladly adopted the suggestion. The result was a matter of equal gratification and astonishment. Under the influence of the water the kidneys promptly resumed a healthy action, **the drowsiness disappeared,** and in two weeks the patient was up and walking about the house, which she had not been able to do before for several months, and her improvement continued until she was in usual health."
This water for sale by druggists and grocers generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, $5.00, f. o. b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent **free** to any address. Springs open for guests from June 15th to October 1st. Address,
Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va. **On the Atlantic & Danville Railroad.**

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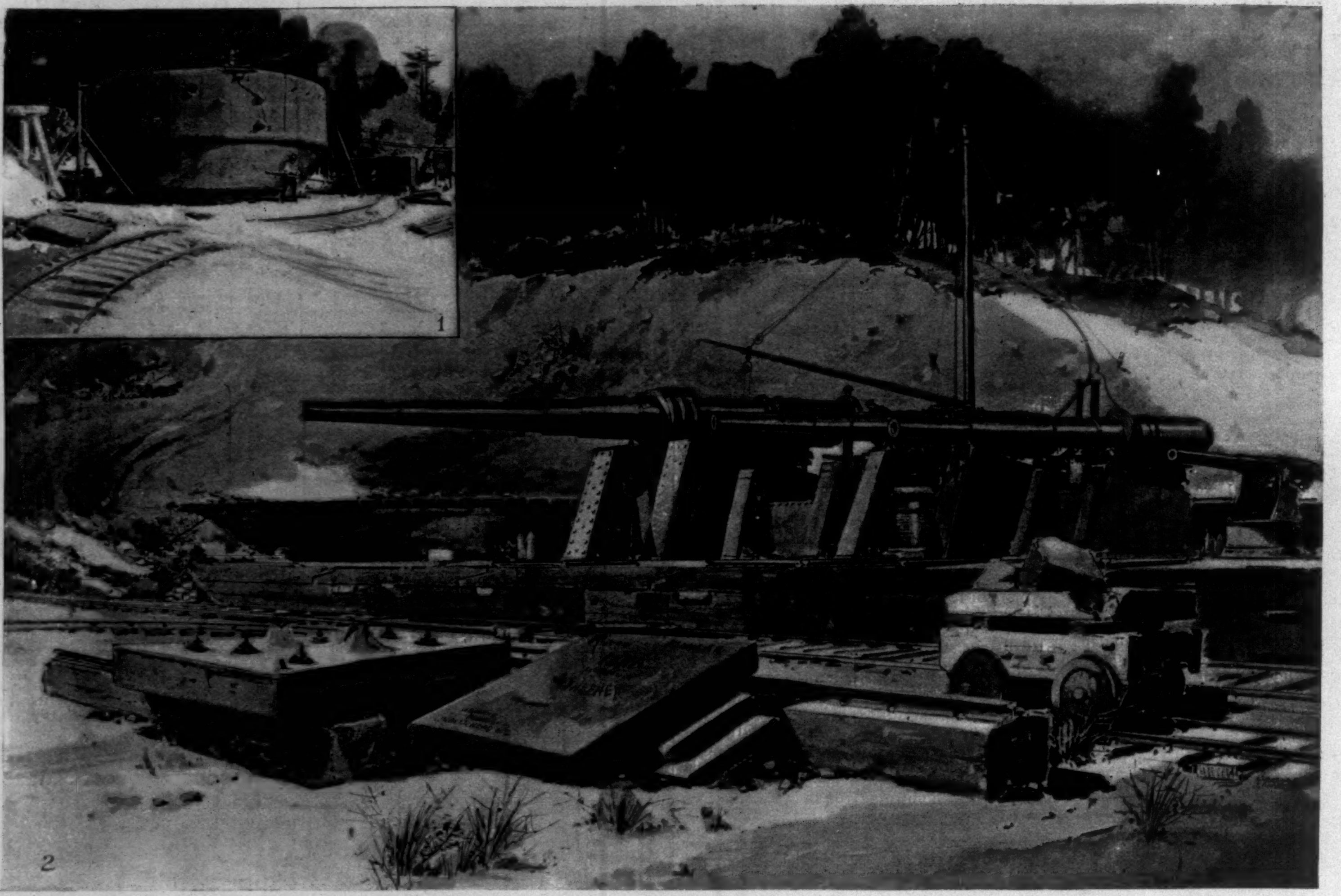
For Ladies and Children's Shoes



TRIAL OF THE EXPERIMENTAL TURRET AT THE NAVAL PROVING-GROUNDS, INDIAN HEAD, MARYLAND.—DRAWN BY LOUIS SONNTAG, JUN.

1. The Turret after the Attack of one 10-inch and two 12-inch Shots. 2. Velocity Battery of 12-inch, 10-inch, 8-inch, and 5-inch Breech-loading Rifles.

(*Continued from page 643.*)

about seven inches, while knocking out a chip and exposing the edge of the top or roof plate. Aside from the shearing of a few rivets in that plate, the turret remained intact, although shoved bodily back an inch and a half on the rollers. The second shot, a 12-inch shell of 807 pounds, was fired with a charge of 355 pounds of powder. It struck down in the right-hand corner of the plate, and, with the exception of the head, which entered the armor about nine or ten inches, that shot, like the first, was shattered. Other than cracking the plate through to shot number one, and pushing the whole structure back an added distance of seven inches, the turret remained unharmed. The third shot, a 12-inch Johnson shell, capped, of slightly greater weight than the second shell, was fired with a powder charge of 440 pounds, and at a point 30 degrees to the left of normal. That shot passed completely and cleanly through the armor plate, and broke in bursting through the opposite side of the cast iron, where it carried out and back to some distance a large mass of that metal. The turret was forced back some seventeen inches, but, saving the fairly clean rents in the opposing materials, the framing and structure proper remained marvellously sound.

The question naturally is, "What did the trial establish?" It proved the sufficiency of the turret framing, and its ability to withstand a shock of something over 25,000 foot-tons, a blow delivered deliberately and carefully from a distance of only 360 feet, and left the structure unimpaired so far as its possibilities of mechanical movement. On shipboard the momentary elasticity of the neighboring parts would be enough to distribute the force of similar blows throughout the ship as a mass, and prevent the jamming or sliding of the turret. When one realizes that the structure was subjected to an attack of three shots, the last one leaving the gun with energy enough to bear the projectile to a distance of something over twelve miles, and knows that about one shot in twenty at 1000 yards and with the chances of battle would hit a ship at all, the effectiveness of these turrets becomes a matter of satisfaction, and a gun's crew can go to its work with every reasonable assurance of protection.

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AMATEUR · SPORT

SOME OF THE CREWS YALE MAY MEET AT HENLEY.

A **writer** in a recent issue of one of our London sporting papers informs his readers, *à propos* of foreign entries at Henley, that this ordinarily dull and peaceful little riverside town has come to be the Mecca of faithful oarsmen all the world over, and that the July pilgrimage of the present year is to be one of the most important and most numerously attended on record. Imagination conjures up a strange and polyglot vision. French oarsmen from Paris and Germans from Berlin will, it seems, forget both Jena and Sedan in the stress of a struggle for the Grand Challenge Cup; phlegmatic Dutchmen are to renew memories of a time when they fought side by side with us, rather than remember that Dr. Jameson raided their kinsmen while Mr. Cecil Rhodes sent telegrams in cipher; and last, but not least, your own youthful and stalwart citizens are to meet our young men in racing-shells, and thus to wipe out the last vestige of any ill feeling that may have arisen from the application of the Monroe doctrine to the boundaries of Venezuela.

Still, Henley is, in our eyes, and seemingly in the eyes of the rest of the world, the most important of all regattas. This position it owes to its age and its almost historic character, to the support which it has at all times received from our leading clubs, to the classic struggles that have been fought out there, to its admirable reach of water, and to the beauty of its surroundings. I may note that although the regatta has always been one of the main-stays of amateur oarsmanship, the views of those who established it were directed rather to the commercial than to the strictly aquatic side of the matter. In the circular convening the meeting at which it was decided to found the regatta one of the chief reasons is declared to be the advantage which Henley and its neighborhood may expect to reap from it. And right nobly have the Henley folk acted up to the views of 1839. Tradesmen, hotel-keepers, owners of private houses and of lodgings, vie with one another year by year in the amiable pursuit of fleecing the oarsmen and the visitors who fill the little town, which during the remainder of the year, though it boasts a mayor and all the apparatus of municipal government, is a veritable Sleepy Hollow. I have heard of an instance in which a house of moderate size, standing near the banks of the river, was let for a fortnight at a rent of £250. A rent of £100 for about three weeks may, however, be taken as the ordinary letting price, and this is, in all conscience, heavy enough.

At the date of the establishment of the regatta, in 1839, amateur rowing was practically confined to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to the schools of Eton and Westminster, and to the Leander Club, which was then a small club of Londoners, and not, what it has now been for many years, an institution consisting almost exclusively of past and present members of Oxford and Cambridge. The two universities, indeed, were at first the only, and have ever since been amongst the firmest and most consistent, supporters of the regatta. Up to 1859 both the universities and their colleges used to be represented, but since that time the universities, as such, have ceased to go, and have left the competition to the colleges. These, it is believed, having been in training for their own summer races (which at Oxford take place in May, and at Cambridge in June), have a better chance of showing to advantage at Henley than a university crew, which could not, under the most favorable circumstances—those of Oxford—have more than a month for training and practice together. Moreover, the exigencies of a university crew would interfere seriously with college rowing, which is the object of a peculiar reverence at Oxford and Cambridge, and on which, after all, the excellence of the university crews for the match at Easter practically depends.

At the first regatta only two prizes, the Grand Challenge Cup for eights and the Town Cup for local fours, were offered for competition. The latter prize has since 1884 been rowed for at the Marlow Regatta, but the Grand Challenge Cup still remains the glory of Henley and the supreme object of every oarsman's ambition. Up to 1886 the regatta was a two days' affair, and to enable the executive to get through the programme in time three boats were often made to row in one heat. In those days the course was an obviously unfair one. In the absence of a wind the Berks station had a very strong advantage, partly owing to the slacker stream against which the crew rowed, but chiefly to the sharp corner which helped it in the last 400 yards of the race. With a strong wind off the Bucks shore the boat on that side had the pull, for it could row under the shelter of trees and house-boats while the others were battling against the storm. Generally, however, the Berks station was the better. Since 1886 the start has been shifted some 350 yards down stream, and the finish has been moved to correspond, so that the old corner has been, for racing purposes, abolished. Moreover, the course is now staked out from start to finish, and only two boats row in a heat. The Berks station has been thus deprived of its advantage. Indeed, to my mind the Bucks station is now *slightly* the better, even when there is no wind. With a strong "Bushes" wind it has a considerable advantage.

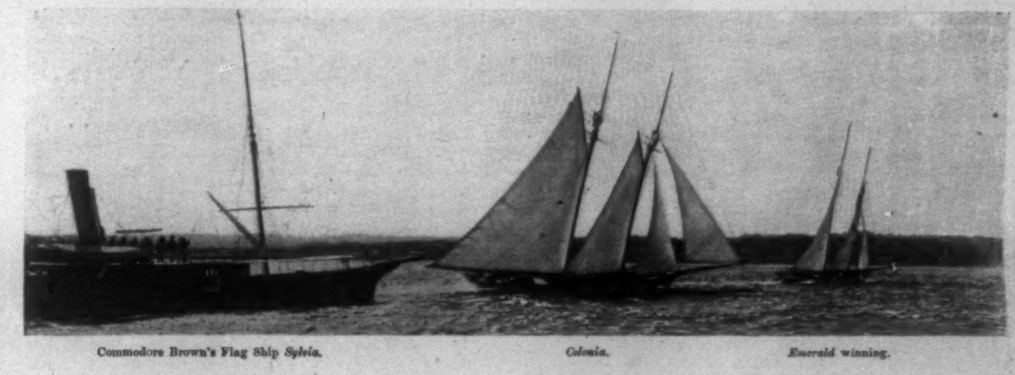
In 1856 the London Rowing Club was founded, as a combination of metropolitan oarsmen having no connection with either Oxford or Cambridge, and though a considerable number of university men are now on its rolls, it has in the main kept up its original character to the present day. It appeared at Henley in 1857 and won the Grand and the Stewards', defeating both Oxford and Cambridge in the former event. Since then it has gained frequent victories, and can now boast of having won the Grand twelve times and the Stewards' fourteen. The Thames Rowing Club was founded later on similar lines to London, but of late years it has included a considerable number of Cambridge men amongst its representatives. It has won the Grand four times and the Stewards' six. Leander, whose constitution I have explained, has won the Grand seven times, the Stewards' only once.

Your readers will no doubt desire to know what kind of crews Yale will have to meet next month, in the competition for the Grand. At the time of writing I have heard nothing of other foreign crews; but Leander, London, Thames, Trinity Hall (Cambridge), and New College (Oxford) will all be represented. I will take these crews in order. On paper Leander has a very strong crew, consisting of seven Oxford Blues, while the remaining member, Graham, the bow-man, only missed his Blue owing to absence from Oxford when this year's Oxford crew was made up. They will be stroked by Gold, this year's victorious stroke against Cambridge; Stretch (Oxford crew '94 and '95) is to be their No. 7; Guy Nickalls (whose rowing and sculling exploits would fill a column) will row No. 6; Balfour or Burnell, both very strong men, weighing about 190 lbs., will be placed at No. 5; Carr (No. 6 in this year's Oxford crew) is to be No. 4; Holland (Oxford crew '87, '88, '89, '90, and a winner of the Grand in '91 and '93) goes No. 3; while for No. 2 they have the veteran Ford, who has rowed in the Leander crews of the last five years, and won four times. Obviously this might be a very fast combination, but it must be remembered that they will have been rowing together for only three weeks, and that though three of them have rowed in this year's race against Cambridge and in the college eights in May, the other five will at the most have had but a fortnight's extra work before they start practice in the eight. Still, the crew should turn out as good as last year's Leander crew, which was certainly the fastest crew entered, though the fiasco at the start against Cornell robbed them of all chance of showing their merit in a race. Neither London nor Thames is likely to be at all formidable. They have exhausted the good material which made them strong, and their new men are not of any great value.

Trinity Hall, Cambridge, may turn out an average lot. They will have Wauchope, with whom they won last year against Cornell, to stroke them again. The college races at Cambridge, in which Trinity Hall will start head of the river, begin on Wednesday, June 10; and if they should lose their place or be hard pressed to retain it, they may perhaps reconsider their determination to appear at Henley. In any case, I am inclined to doubt if they will be as good as they were last year, when, in the enforced absence of Leander, they beat Cornell in a preliminary heat, and just succeeded in scraping home by a third of a length from New College, Oxford, in the final. New College, Oxford, will be represented by the crew that went head of the river in the college races last month. They include four men who have raced against Cambridge—Crum, Pitman, C. K. Philips, and De Knoop, and are unquestionably one of the fastest college crews ever turned out at Oxford. I consider them to be from two to three lengths faster than their crew of last year. They have beaten all records over the Oxford course, and are sure to be very formidable opponents. Assuming that Leander comes up to reasonable expectations, it is on it and on New College that we shall have to rely for our defence of the Grand against Yale. But as to Leander we can only hope, while in the case of New College we know that we have a crew which has proved itself to be both powerful and fast.

R. C. Lehmann,
Captain Leander Club 1894–5,
Hon. Sec. Amateur Rowing Association.

June 5, 1896.



Commodore Brown's Flag Ship *Sylvia*. *Colonia*. *Emerald* winning.

FINISH OF THE "EMERALD"-"COLONIA" DUEL IN THE N. Y. Y. C. REGATTA, JUNE 11.

HENLEY, PAST AND PRESENT.

The importance which the Royal Henley Regatta bears in the minds of Englishmen is very hard for an American to grasp. If, donning his flannels in town, he runs up for the final heat of the Grand Challenge, he is chiefly impressed by the interest which the on-lookers take in luncheon, tea, and in the various social gatherings along the Bucks and Oxfordshire shore. If he has rented a house-boat for the regatta, and has filled it with his friends, he finds the social side of Henley even more pronounced. He comes away with the impression that certain public-spirited boating-men have undergone the hardship of racing in order to give a pretext for so much mirth.

Some such misconception must have caused the repeated efforts of the Yale management to secure a special meeting in July with the winner of the English University race. In refusing the challenge the universities had, to be sure, a valid pretext in the difficulty of reassembling a 'varsity eight after it had disbanded to take part in the May bumping races; and the fact that certain of the men were "in for their final schools" doubtless had weight. Yet the fact remains that most of the members of both university eights enter one or another of the crews competing for the Grand Challenge Cup, and that the ambition to help win this has of late become as strong as the ambition to row on a winning 'varsity eight.

Such importance has not always attached to the races at Henley. In the early thirties races between eight-oared crews were of occasional occurrence, and in 1839 the boating interest was given a permanent basis by the establishment of the Grand Challenge Cup. Other permanent cups have since been offered, but they are all frankly subordinate to the Grand Challenge. Likewise other regattas have been and are still held, but none has ever rivalled Henley. A detailed history of the regatta would, perhaps lack interest for Americans, but one or two epoch-making events deserve notice.

The first, and perhaps most important, event was the framing in 1878 of the English definition of an amateur oarsman. This excludes not only all men who have made a profession of boating, but any one who has ever been a "mechanic, artisan, or laborer." This definition, it is understood, has debarred both Cornell and Yale oarsmen of distinction, to say nothing of many good English sportsmen. But few impartial judges would deny that in the long-run it has justified itself. Undemocratic as it seems—and therefore un-British as un-American—it is probably the only definition under which open meetings assembling the best amateur talent of the boating world can be sure of remaining pure. And purity in all sporting events is the *sine qua non* of permanence and prosperity. This fact Mr. Caspar Whitney has pointed out in his *Sporting Pilgrimage;* and later critics can only repeat his verdict that the definition, though perhaps more antagonistic to American than to English preconceptions, has really nothing to do with true democratic principles. It is, in point of fact, the only definition under which our moribund regattas can attain that honesty and excellence which every American must in his heart desire.

The second event of importance was the establishment, in 1886, of the present course.

Heretofore the regular start had been a line running across the river south of Regatta Island, the place of which is still marked on the map by "Post." The finish had been opposite the Red Lion Hotel at Henley Bridge. The course, in the absence of the steamers, launches, house-boats, and swarms of minor craft of the present day, was comparatively commodious; but it had one great disadvantage: the shelter of the bank was so great that races were often won and lost by wind and waves. The prime innovation was to stake out a narrow course directly in the middle of the river. This prevented the boats from seeking the shelter and slack water of either bank, and limited the number in a heat to two; but by enabling them to start at the foot of Regatta Island it obviated the awkward bend at the finish of the old course, and—what is of prime importance—it minimized the inequality of the effect of wind and waves.

Of the many British crews that enter for these various events the best are produced, as a rule, by the bumping races at the universities and by the great London clubs. Of all the organizations represented, the Leander Club is the foremost, both as regards the social position of its members and the excellence of its crews. The crews are made up partly of members of the two current university eights, and partly from the pick of the young graduate blues in London. It thus usually deserves to rank as the ablest eight in Great Britain. Previous to the unfortunate start last year against Cornell, it had won the Grand Challenge Cup four years in succession. Whether this picked Leander eight surpasses the winning University eight it is perhaps futile to consider: the distance rowed and general conditions are so different that there is no real basis for comparison.

Of late years the fame of British rowing has spread abroad. On the Continent the American traveller is surprised to find that the recent converts to the sport are driven by the same ardor that has delighted and distressed him at home. In Germany the sport has been making rapid strides towards the English standard of perfection. In the Hamburg Amateur Regatta of 1884 a crew from the Thames Rowing Club easily carried off all the prizes for which it entered, and continued this success for a decade; but by 1894 the Germans had learned so much from their British visitors that they twice beat a Thames four, and left an eight of the same club far in the lurch. This defeat English oarsmen attribute to a lack of condition; but German sportsmen have told me that the visitors were of the race of Sandow, and have not yet given the final account of themselves. In France the "*Union des Sociétés des Sports Athlétiques*" has likewise been fostered by English influence. As yet, however, no foreign crew has won any of the great Henley events, though Ooms of the Neptunus R. C., Amsterdam, won the Diamond Sculls in 1892. Last year a French crew entered, but did not appear; and an eight from the *Nereus* club, of Amsterdam, made a first-rate fight for the Thames Challenge. Their peculiar stroke, which brought their backs far beyond the perpendicular at the finish and jerked their noses in the air, earned them the title, in the penny press, of *aquatic astronomers*. From Canada singles and pairs have frequently entered, and the Argonaut Club of Toronto has often sent over a four. From America several men have entered for the Diamond Sculls. E. Smith, Atalanta B. C., won one heat in 1872. In 1878, G. W. Lee, of Newark, lost his first heat through a mistake at the finish; and George Lee, of Boston, lost his trial heat. In 1889, Psotta, of the N. Y. A. C., worked his way as far as the finals. In the Stewards' Challenge Cup for fours, Columbia College and the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes entered in 1878, the latter getting as far as the finals. In the same year Columbia won the Visitors' Challenge, open only to colleges and schools.

By far the most dreaded of foreign entries was the Cornell crew of last year. Detest the stroke they used as an Englishman must, he could not get over the fact that their trials against time were the best of the season. This year a Yale crew will compete for the first time, and will have to meet not only the flower of English oarsmen, but of the entire boating world.

John Corbin.

THREE DIFFERENT YACHT CLUBS in as many distinct regattas have furnished opportunity for the meeting of *Emerald* and *Colonia*, and but one real test of the relative racing qualities of the two has resulted. *Colonia* is the single-sticker designed by Herreshoff for Archibald Rogers in '93 as a cup-defender, made over into a schooner, and now owned by C. E. Postley; *Emerald* is the champion of her class, and owned and sailed by J. Rogers Maxwell, than whom there is no cleverer Corinthian sailor-man on this coast. We are relying this year on our schooner classes generally, and *Emerald* and *Colonia* and *Amorita* and *Elsemarie* particularly, to provide most of our big-boat racing; hence our interest in their early work.

Colonia sailed her maiden race in schooner rig against *Emerald* in the New York Yacht Club's regatta, June 11, and no yacht, single or two sticker, ever performed more worthily in her initial contest. It was a good day; with a northwest wind that was puffy, as northwest winds generally are, and that yet continued fairly strong from start to finish. *Colonia* crossed the line 27 seconds ahead of *Emerald*, and on the run before the wind beat her to the first mark, something like fifteen miles away, by 8 seconds elapsed time. Thereafter it was practically all windward work, and *Emerald*, beautifully handled, gradually overhauled *Colonia*, crossing the line first by a minute and several seconds, and winning by the actual sailing time of 1 min. 35 secs. *Colonia* not having been measured, the corrected time is unattainable. Considering it being her first race, her sails and ropes were green, *Colonia's* showing was notable. She stood up like a church, and glided through the water very cleanly. In a seaway she appears the easier boat.

The second meeting of the two was afforded by the Atlantic Club's race for the Gould Cup, which *Emerald* won over *Amorita* by a minute and nine seconds corrected time. *Colonia* was handicapped throughout by a jammed centreboard, and finished nearly four minutes after *Emerald*. The third meeting, at the Larchmont Regatta, Saturday last, was even more unfortunate for *Colonia*. Not only had she a jammed centerboard, but with a lead of three and a half minutes over *Emerald*, she rounded the wrong mark, losing her advantage and eventually the race. Thus we await the future to give us more definite knowledge of *Colonia* in her new rig. Her first race augurs well for her speed. But nothing short of a ghost will succeed in wresting the championship from *Emerald*. And Mr. Maxwell's schooner is no phantasm.

THE THIRTY-FOOT CLASS, that other loadstone of the yacht-racing year, has had several chances to reveal its strength, and while no especially notable performance has resulted, the number of new entries shows a satisfying increase in small-boat racing. I observe, however, that the chief value of the class is likely to be lost through the employment by owners of sailing-masters. These midget racers afford good sport, of course, but their first importance to American yachting is as a medium through which our class of Corinthian sailor-men may increase. If owners, therefore, employ sailing-masters, the possibilities of the little boats for practical instruction are misdirected. It would be wise and sportsmanly if yacht clubs made it a provision in these special events for this class that entries should be sailed by owners, or at least by Corinthians. We need more yachtsmen rather than yacht-owners.

Thus far *Asaki*, *Mai*, *Musme*, *Hera*, *Esperanza*, *Wawa* and *Vaquero III.* have been most in evidence in the several special races arranged for them. *Asaki* has three firsts and one third to its credit, *Musme* two seconds and one third, *Wawa* one first, *Hera* a second, and *Vaquero III.* one third. They are all rigged alike, their lines substantially identical, and most of them from the same designer; therefore, outside of the opportunity their racing furnishes for clever handling, there is little to interest yachtsmen.

The most interesting of small-boat racing will be the trial heats of fifteen-footers, or half-raters, for the defence of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club's international trophy. These are sailed on Oyster Bay, June 22-24. Last year there were less than half a dozen entries; this year, at this writing, there are twenty, and more expected, which shows how completely the Seawanhaka Club met the popular desire by inaugurating this international event.

OF VARIOUS STRAWS MARKING THE PROGRESS in America towards healthful out-of-door life, none points so unequivocally as the open-air horse show. A few years ago it was a novelty, now it has become a regular annual fixture in many different localities. And it has followed as a natural sequence of hunting, polo, and the country-house life which has increased riding and driving and led to a more intimate acquaintance with the horse. The Philadelphia show was the first to commend itself to our serious consideration, and continues the most interesting and most important of the year. The one held this year was no exception, despite the inclement weather and some vicious criticism of a disappointed exhibitor of 1895. The hackney classes were not so numerous nor so well filled as the year before, and the show lost nothing thereby; but the trotter, roadster, and saddle classes were up to the standard, and the harness classes were larger, and the hunting classes never so large. Mere number of entries would be inconsequential were the quality disproportionate, which, however, was not the case. The fact that winners of '95 failed of success in '96 speaks for the improved quality.

A great deal of alleged criticism, which I prefer to call nonsense, appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper on the close of the show, and, among other things, censured the Association for not having different judges every year. I comment on this only because I have heard similar criticisms elsewhere, and because the unlearned in these matters might by specious arguments be led to inaccurate conclusions. There must be a standard to govern the entries to each class and direct the judges in their awards. It is desirable, of course, to secure the best possible judges for each class, and, having done so, equally desirable to have the same men officiate as frequently and so long as they can be induced to act. There would soon be an end to our horse shows, and certainly of their value to breeders, were it obligatory upon horse-show associations to appoint a different set of judges each year.

The trouble is too many owners of horses believe the particular type in their own stables should be the standard of the show in which they exhibit. The mere acquisition of a stable does not carry with it erudition of the horse.

THE MOST PLEASING DEVELOPMENT of the new woman is at Wellesley. I discovered her last week on college Float Day, and Miss Lucile Eaton Hill's careful and skilled direction is largely responsible for the evolution. She is just like any other attractive bit of femininity, only she has, in addition, precision of movement, judgment in action—and a good walk. All of which she has acquired from moderate, judicious work in the gymnasium, basket-ball, and rowing. When she has been graduated she will no doubt retain it through golf, bicycling, tennis, riding, or driving.

I do not know that it comes within my province to comment on the gentle sex, but I do know I want to tell every father where he may go and, in rosy cheeks and upright carriage, view the best results of what broad-minded, intelligent supervision is doing for the physical welfare of girls. This is the new woman that we hail with delight. May the bigotry of a day and a class that she has distanced ne'er overtake her!

Rowing is the most popular athletic diversion at Wellesley. There is a boat-house, a beautiful lake, and abundant enthusiasm. Each class has an eight-oared boat with sliding seats, outriggers, and ten-foot oars, and this year for the first time there was a college crew picked from the other eights.

And they row, in excellent form, a stroke especially adapted for them by Miss Hill, after careful study of the art. There were six eights on the lake last week, the pick of over one hundred candidates. There is no racing, very properly; the rowing, like basket-ball and other games, is simply a means to the end, adding physical to the girl's mental equipment, that she may fill her position in the world, whatever it may be, with most pleasure and satisfaction to herself, and—to perhaps one other.

THE CONCLUDING WEEKS of the college baseball season have shown that Harvard's fine exhibition against Princeton, Decoration day, and her defeat of Brown, June 3, were not the exploits of mere chance, but the work of a team that had rounded into consistent form and could play steady ball. Steadiness is the quality which, until Harvard recently attained it, only the Brown nine possessed, and which Yale appears to have found, and Princeton still to be seeking. It has played fast and loose with Princeton from the first, and seems destined to cost her the Yale series at the last. Consistency is a jewel whose lustre is not dimmed by the adornment of even a baseball-player, and I do not recollect a college season when such jewels were needed so much or worn so little. Walter Camp, at the season's beginning, made a very accurate forecast when he said there would be no tail end to the batting list this year. If he had added that the error column would likewise be lacking a tail end his epitome would have become an athletic classic. Heavy batting and error-making have been the features of about all the big games of the season. Harvard played one errorless game with Brown; and Yale, although losing her Brown series, made but two errors in the last game. Together with the Harvard-Princeton 16-inning struggle, the last Harvard-Brown and the final Brown-Holy Cross games, these are the best that have been played this season.

What steadiness will accomplish Harvard has amply demonstrated in her recent games, despite loss of the last two. Having by no means such excellent initial material as Princeton or Brown, nor a nine equal to either of these at the bat, yet, after a terrific drubbing in her first game with Princeton, she succeeded in drawing the second out to 16 innings before finally losing, won the third on Princeton's home grounds, and lost the fourth by the narrowest margin; while twice she defeated Brown, and twice suffered defeat from that college. Harvard, in fact, in improvement surpassed all the others, while no individual has excelled Paine in rapidity of skilful development, his work against Brown and Princeton being equal to the best of the year.

OUT OF PRINCETON'S STRENGTH arises her weakness—which is paradoxical, perhaps, but none the less costly for Princeton. I recall an expressive word of my boyhood's baseball days that seems about to fit the case, even though somewhat homely—the Princeton batters "swat" the ball. They too generally give the impression of a desire to knock the ball out of its cover, or at least bat it for a home run. The result very frequently is a high long fly which falls into the out-fielders' hands. Had there been evidence of more skill in placing the ball, and less disposition to knock it out of sight, Princeton's '96 record would be much more comforting. The ability to bat a ball over the heads of deep fielders is given to but few men, and to those few not very often. Meanwhile, in an effort to emulate the few, the many sacrifice their chances of scoring.

But Princeton's other and more fatal weakness has been that somewhat familiar tendency to unsteadiness at critical moments, which has resulted in costly errors. Unsteadiness is supposed to be the sign-manual of rawness, and yet Princeton's players, in the main, are experienced, and we must look for another explanation. It may be attributed to carelessness, or to superabundant confidence, or to indifference. I am inclined to credit it this year to a too great reliance on the batting strength, and a confidence in that direction which has viewed fielding errors with a perhaps slight but yet expensive indifference. Errors, and the ever-apparent desire to knock the ball out of sight, in contradistinction to making a safe hit, may be said to have accounted for every game Princeton has lost this season. The final Yale-Princeton is being played June 23, while we are on the press, and if Princeton unexpectedly succeeds in winning that, it will reconcile her to all other defeats, for she has won but two games at New Haven—one in '85 and one in '91.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT that Princeton invariably plays a stronger game against Harvard than against Yale, and it was therefore with no little surprise we viewed Harvard win an 8-to-5 victory on Princeton's home grounds. And yet there was no need of surprise either, for a team that makes 7 errors, 5 of them by the first-base man (Kelley), can hardly be expected to do much against a nine playing such good ball as Harvard showed. To say that the score at the sixth inning stood 5 to 2 in Princeton's favor is commentary enough on the home nine's exhibition.

What with Harvard's improvement and Princeton's likelihood to do 'most "any old thing," the former's confidence in securing the fourth of the series last Thursday was not unreasonable—if unfulfilled. The second and fourth Harvard-Princeton games have been the most exciting of the year—the second took 16 innings—the fourth 10. In the last Princeton made two runs the first inning, Harvard one. In the seventh innings Harvard tied the score. In the tenth Princeton had one out and Titus on first, when Wilson drove a liner to short stop, who caught Titus at second. But Captain Bradley saw Wilson's hit touch the umpire's trouser leg, claimed his point, and got it. The next Princeton batter, Smith, made a three-bagger, and Wilson and Titus scored—winning the game. It was a very close decision, and—though perfectly fair—rather hard luck for Harvard. Wilson pitched a very effective game, and struck out 4 to Paine's 3. Princeton made only one error, quite her best record, while Harvard made 5, somewhat below her recent form.

Harvard won her last game with Pennsylvania, 11-3, and with Cornell, 10-3, rather easily. These two seem to be of a class, though Pennsylvania has beaten Cornell. Both have not sustained the pace cut out at the first of the season—due to green material, very likely. Pennsylvania was beaten by Lehigh, 7-6, but defeated Lafayette, 4-1, in a really good and errorless game.

IF YALE DEFEATS PRINCETON, June 23, she will deserve great credit in winning a series from a nine which is really stronger as a whole, though Yale's out-field is second to none, and Murphy behind the bat may be classed with Scannell and Dunne, the best of the year. It was not surprising when Princeton won her second victory at Princeton, 5-0, and the third of the series—it would not have been disproportionate with the relative merits of the two teams if Princeton had won all three. It would, I confess, have been somewhat surprising.

The fourth game was on Manhattan Field, and Princeton began with a snap that got three runs (somewhat aided by Quimby's errors), and made Yale's play seem sluggish. In fact, for five innings Princeton outplayed Yale, though the latter made a run in the fourth. In the sixth, Yale tied the score. In the eighth, Yale batted out several safe hits, Princeton made errors, and the blue scored 5 runs, eventually winning 8-4. Although Princeton made eight errors, Yale really batted out the winning score in the eighth inning, in fact earning 3 of her 8 runs, while Princeton earned but one. Greenway struck out 6 to Wilson's 4. On the 18th, Williams gave Yale a 11-1 trouncing, making 16 hits off Trudeau, while Yale got but 3 off Lewis, and made 7 errors.

THE BROWN NINE HAS CONTINUED its victorious and consistent ball-playing career, closing the season with the very notable record of 20 games won out of 23—its three lost games being two to Harvard and one to Holy Cross, while it has in turn defeated Harvard twice and Holy Cross four times.

I sincerely wish the ethical status of the team was as far above criticism as its ball-playing. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to comment in detail on its games, but I cannot fully recognize in this Department a college which does not place its teams on an ethical plane equal to that of the larger colleges with which it claims ranking. This is not to lead to a tiresome controversy; there are those at Brown and at Providence who will realize the force of what I say, however distasteful it may be. There has been a marked change for the better, else there would be no reference here to the nine at all. When Brown places its nine on an ethical equality with the others in its playing class, I shall cheerfully give it full credit, but not until then. I have heard a great deal of talk and read an amount of protestation—I am waiting, for practical results.

THERE WILL BE A MOST INTERESTING CONTEST of strokes next Friday, when the Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, and Pennsylvania 'varsity crews meet in a four-mile race. Some of us will know more on its conclusion than we now do. All the crews, 'varsity and Freshmen, have improved since my last look at them, and none more than Columbia. Competent judges, I believe, concede the 'varsity race to Harvard; in my humble opinion the result depends entirely upon what improvement Columbia can make between last Saturday and next Friday. If Mr. Guy Richards can get out of the crew all that is in it, then I believe Columbia will win. In my estimate the stroke is the best on the river; the inboard work is superior to Harvard's, although the outboard work is not so good. There is a longer swing, the blades are in the water longer, and more work is done forward the rowlock, not to mention the blades carried back on the feather, slicing the wind. The leg-work was good. Columbia is handicapped by a sluggish 7, a 5 who hasn't trained long enough, and a 3 who requires continuous driving. If Mr. Richards in the short time left him can get life and rhythm out of his men, I am confident of their success; at all events, the crew will take a lot of beating for first honors.

HARVARD HAS THE FASTEST and the smoothest rowing crew on the river to-day (June 21), and whatever the result, Mr. Mumford is to be congratulated on turning out the best eight the crimson has had in my recollection, including the victorious one of '91, if my memory serves me right. Nevertheless, it is not a stroke that would win against Yale. It is too short; there is too much work done with the arms, too much work done aft the rowlock, and not enough body swing. Still, the crew is speedy: it went over the course under fast conditions in about 19.35, finishing strong, despite the endurance-testing recover with the shoulders. It is one thing, however, to make a "time row" and another to be in a bruising struggle—such as Columbia is likely to give Harvard.

CORNELL HAS ABANDONED the short rapid-fire stroke that has hitherto characterized its crews, and is pulling a fairly long one, though after the scullers' fashion, and in rather poor form. They clip on the catch, and do not set up to their work, though the boat travels well on short stretches. I expect to see Cornell do good work for two miles, but shall be somewhat surprised if it maintains its excellent form and speed to the finish. It will be rather extraordinary if a crew rowing with bent backs can finish four miles at its best. No man can row with contracted chest for that distance. He must ease up in some way.

Pennsylvania has a crew of strong, hard-working men, but is pulling the poorest stroke for distance work on the river. And yet the eight is reported to have gone over the course in 19.40. Conditions vary so that time is unreliable. If Pennsylvania beats Cornell it will be surprising; if it beats Harvard or Columbia without accident it will be a misfortune to good rowing. Columbia averages 174 lbs., Harvard 164, Cornell 157, Penn. 165 to 170. Rough water and a head-wind will kill Cornell and favor especially Columbia and Pennsylvania. I could fill a Department on these crews, but my space is limited. Harvard's Freshmen is the best crew on the river. It should win, although Cornell is fast, and will make a fight with Columbia for second. Harvard has done the course in 9.45.

Comment on Yale-Wisconsin race and other crew matters including statistics, reserved for next issue.

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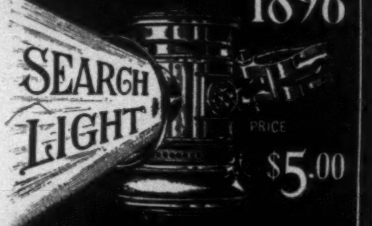

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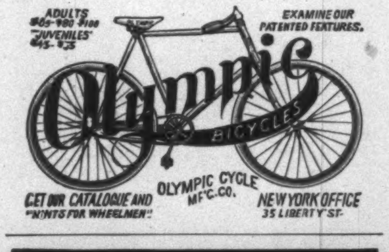

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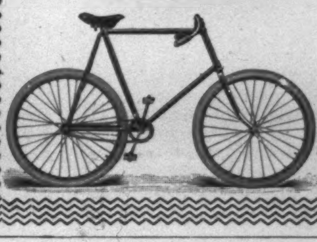

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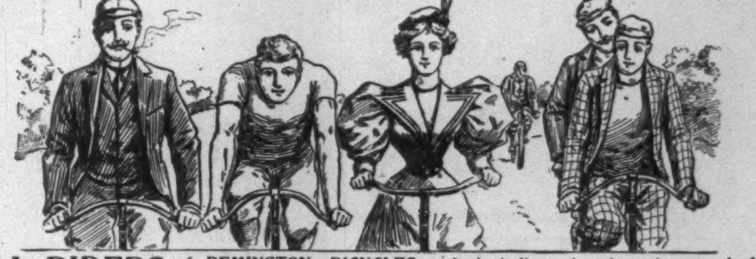

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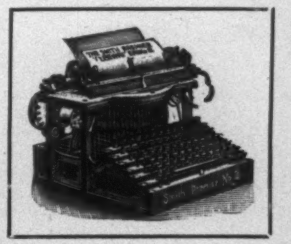

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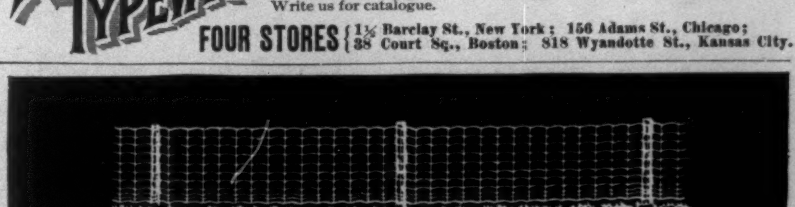

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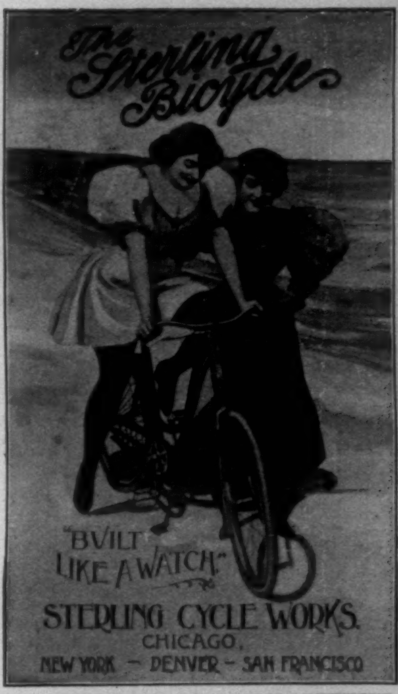

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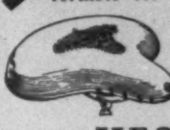

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